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MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

A REPLY TO DR. WALLACE.

A statement about matters of fact, and an argument founded upon them, to which the name of Alfred Russel Wallace is subscribed, are always deserving of our serious attention; for we know that the statement is made by a keen, able and experienced collector of facts, and the reasoning is that of a man who once reasoned rightly when all the rest of the world, except Darwin, were wrong. When, further, the statement is that we are at the centre of the visible Universe, and the inference that "the supreme end and purpose of this vast Universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man,"¹ our attention is not only deserved, but compelled; if there is a chance that Dr. Wallace is right, as once he was, whatever we put aside in order that we may earnestly attend to him is well neglected.

I trust that I have not been wanting in this respect. I have read his paper with great care several times, and compared it with the sources of information which he quotes, and with others. Moreover, my own work in astronomy during the last decade has given me some acquaintance with the regions of knowledge from which the facts are drawn. I cannot see that Dr. Wallace

has suggested anything new which is in the least likely to be true. He seems to me to have unconsciously got his facts distorted, and to indicate practically nothing wherewith to link them to his conclusion; and having stated thus briefly the result of my examination, I must endeavor to justify it.

There is a convenience in considering the inference first, and the facts afterwards: for if we find that, even granting the facts, the conclusion does not follow, the need for examination of the facts is rendered less pressing. The division between fact and inference is, of course, to some extent arbitrary; but we cannot do better than accept that indicated by Dr. Wallace himself. On p. 411 he writes:—

The three startling facts—that we are in the centre of a cluster of suns, and that that cluster is situated not only precisely in the *plane* of the Galaxy, but also *centrally* in that plane, can hardly now be looked upon as chance coincidences without any significance in relation to the culminating fact that the planet so situated *has* developed humanity.

To these three assertions of fact must be added another, on which I do not here propose to offer any remarks; Dr. Wallace considers it highly probable that the Earth is the *only planet in the Solar System* on which humanity has

¹ Fortnightly Review for March.
The Living Age for April 4.

been developed. The three facts just quoted lead him to the further conclusion that it is probably *the only planet in the whole Universe* on which humanity has been developed; and we have now to examine how far we can accompany him. We may again state in Dr. Wallace's own words the question to be answered.

It may be asked, even if it be conceded that both by position, by size, and by its combination of physical features, we really do stand alone in the Solar System in our adaptation for the development of intelligent life, in what way can the position of our Sun at or near the centre of the stellar universe, as it certainly appears to be, affect that adaptation? Why should not one of the suns on the confines of the Milky Way, or in any other part of it, possess planets as well adapted as we are to develop high forms of organic life? (P. 409.)

Now, these two questions, which have the look of being the same expressed in slightly varied language, are in reality essentially different. The first question is the one Dr. Wallace must answer satisfactorily in order to reach his conclusion; but with the deftness of a conjurer he substitutes the second. He is to prove, or at least suggest, some property of the "centre of the stellar universe"; he immediately distracts our attention to the "confines of the Milky Way," and holds it there to the best of his ability for the whole of the subsequent argument. He never mentions the "cluster of suns" of which, by his own account, our sun is a mere unit, albeit the central unit. Why should not any one of them "possess planets as well adapted as we are to develop high forms of organic life?" And why, at least, should not Dr. Wallace have noticed the question? He has mentioned the utmost boundaries of the Universe, and he has mentioned the centre; but *ignored everything else* (with the exception only of

two empty phrases which need not be noticed). His argument accordingly stands thus:—

Life is impossible at the uttermost boundaries of the Universe.

Therefore it is only possible at the exact centre.

This, at any rate, is all that I can make of the reasoning in the last two pages of Dr. Wallace's article, where we look for him to make use, in a manner suited to his conclusion, of the premises he claims to have established in the preceding pages.

Moreover, the reasons he gives for considering even the "confines of the Milky Way" to be unsuitable for life are of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory kind. The following passage will serve as an example:—

Comparing the stars of the Milky Way to the molecules of a gas, must not a certain proportion of these stars continually escape from the attractive powers of their neighbors, as a result of collisions, or in other ways, and wandering into outer space, soon become dead and cold and lost for ever to the Universe?

The comparison is altogether misleading. We have no reason for supposing that if the stars were blotted out of existence our Sun would become dead and cold sensibly sooner than under present conditions. The accepted belief is that his slow contraction is sufficient to account for the energy radiated, and other observed phenomena; and it has never, so far as I am aware, been suggested that we are kept alive by the "attractive powers of our neighbors," the fixed stars, or by their influence in any other form. We might "wander into outer space" without losing anything more serious than we lose when the night is cloudy and we cannot see the stars. As regards what Dr. Wallace adds about the behavior

of the ether, the Röntgen rays, etc., near the "borders of the Universe," it must be remarked that he is making the considerable assumption that when the visible stars fall, the ether falls also, which requires separate proof.

It is true that Dr. Wallace puts forward these hypotheses very tentatively, pending the suggestion of a better link between his starting-point and his conclusion. How to fill this gap he regards as a question involving "the most difficult problems in mathematical physics; and only our greatest thinkers, possessing the highest mathematical and physical knowledge, could be expected to give any adequate answer" to it. It is of course possible that some great and ingenious thinker may supply the missing link; but meanwhile we are impressed by the fact that Dr. Wallace, with an obvious desire to suggest it, however vaguely, has conspicuously failed.

Such being the intangible nature of the edifice erected on the assumed facts as foundation, it may be questioned whether there is any pressing need to test the security of the foundation itself. Does it matter very much whether the Sun is at or near the centre of the visible Universe if no better reasons can be given for assigning any great significance to this position? Without the tremendous inference, the fact itself, if fact it be, can only invite our polite attention as a curious coincidence. Even as a coincidence it does not take high rank; for it can in any case only be temporary. If there is a centre of the visible Universe, and if we occupy it to-day, we certainly did not do so yesterday, and shall not do so to-morrow. The Solar System is known to be moving among the stars with a velocity which would carry us to Sirius within 100,000 years if we happened to be travelling in his direction, as we are not. In the 50 or 100 million years during which, according

to geologists, this earth has been a habitable globe, we must have passed by thousands of stars on the right hand and on the left; and if at any time we had a claim to a central position, the claim must have been inherited from others who held it before us, and passed on to yet others who came after. In his eagerness to limit the Universe *in space*, Dr. Wallace has surely forgotten that it is equally important, for his purpose, to limit it *in time*; but incomparably more difficult in the face of ascertained facts. Indeed, if we take his own conception of the approximate dimensions of the Universe (if I rightly interpret his words), so far from our having tranquilly enjoyed a central position in "*unbroken continuity* for scores or perhaps hundreds of millions of years" (p. 400), we should in that time have traversed the Universe from boundary to boundary. He says (*italics mine*):—

Other stars of the first magnitude which have had their distances measured have a parallax of considerably less than one-tenth of a second, and are therefore among the remoter stars (p. 401).

If this means that he reckons a star with a parallax of one-hundredth of a second "among the remoter stars," then the time we shall take to travel from our present position to the remoter stars is less than five million years; and, similarly, five million years ago we were among the remoter stars, where he considers life to be impossible. The actual dimensions of the visible Universe are, however, probably much greater than this. Professor Simon Newcomb, whose book¹ is several times quoted by Dr. Wallace, gives in his "Summary of Conclusions" (p. 319) the following inferior limit:—

¹ "The Stars: a Study of the Universe." By Professor Simon Newcomb. (London: John Murray, 1901.)

The boundary of our Universe is probably somewhat indefinite and irregular. As we approach it, the stars may thin out gradually. The parallax at the boundary is probably nowhere greater than 0".001, and may be much less. The time required for light to pass over the corresponding interval is more than three thousand years.

And the time required for the Solar System (which is moving about 15,000 times more slowly than light) to pass over the same interval is accordingly forty-five million years. It is thus clear that whether we adopt the views of Dr. Wallace himself (if I have interpreted him rightly) or those of Professor Newcomb, whom he quotes (and he could not do better), the Solar System must have essentially changed its position in the visible stellar Universe within geological time.

The importance of the question whether we are at the present moment approximately near its centre is accordingly reduced within very narrow limits, and it only remains to examine how far it is probably a fact, as Dr. Wallace asserts. After being in direct conflict with him so far, it is a pleasant relief to be able to admit that he has in the main drawn his facts from the best sources of information available; for few astronomers would demur to this description of a book, dated 1901, by Simon Newcomb, labelled on the back "A Study of the Universe." Whatever we may think of Dr. Wallace's facts, it must at any rate be allowed that they are to be found essentially, although stated rather more provisionally, in the "Summary of Conclusions" at the end of this thoughtful work, which might reasonably be regarded as the last word on the matter. It is fortunate for me that on one very important point I need not challenge the authority of the utterance, but can simply point to the date which makes it ancient history. It is a striking il-

lustration of the rapidity of advance in astronomy that since 1901 a new fact has been discovered which renders insecure some of the steps by which Professor Newcomb arrives at the conclusion that the "collection of stars which we call the Universe is limited in extent." On the night of February 21st-22nd in that year, Dr. Anderson discovered that a new star had suddenly blazed up in the constellation Perseus. The discovery is mentioned in Professor Newcomb's book, and before it was passed for press he was able to add that "on June 25th, 1901, Professor Pickering reported that the spectrum of the new star had been gradually changing into that of a gaseous nebula"; but he could follow its history no further. In the autumn of the same year, photographs were taken of the region surrounding the star at the Yerkes and Lick Observatories, which showed wisps of a vast nebula; and which showed, further, or seemed to show, that this nebula was expanding in all directions outwards from the star. But it was not found possible to reconcile other observed facts with an actual movement of *matter* of the kind indicated; and the accepted view is that the nebula was already there, and is comparatively stationary, and that the *illumination* from the flash of the original outburst travels from one portion to another. The whole phenomenon is of extraordinary interest, but what immediately concerns us is the fact that we seem to have positive evidence of the previously unsuspected existence of a *vast nebula, not self-luminous, but capable of reflecting light, and therefore of partially obstructing it.* We have known of "dark stars" before—here we learn of a "dark nebula." How many such bodies are there? We can only learn of their existence in very exceptional cases when they disturb the motion or the shining of bright objects. Thus, in the variable star

Algol, we have an instance of a bright star which is periodically eclipsed by a dark star. In this case the dark body is of such modest dimensions that the eclipse only lasts ten hours; but with a vastly extended body like a nebula we might have eclipses lasting so long as to be practically permanent.

The discovery affects the case for a finite Universe in two ways. In the first place there are the "dark rifts" in the Milky Way, the most notable of which is called the "Coal-sack." Are these really tunnels through the visible Universe into an outer space void of stars? This is the view favored by Professor Newcomb. But another view has been suggested—that there is some screen which obstructs the light from stars beyond. When Professor Newcomb's book was written there was no positive evidence to support this view; since it was written, we have obtained indications of a dark nebula such as might satisfy the conditions.

Secondly, there is the argument that if there were an infinite succession of *bright bodies only* as we proceed outwards from our system, the whole sky would be infinitely bright with them; we can arrange a series of successive spherical shells of stars which would each contribute a finite brightness, and the totality of which would give infinite brightness. The italics are mine, and are intended to draw attention to a necessary limitation of the argument; for if we have a similar succession of *dark bodies only*, however sparsely scattered, it can be shown in the same way that we should ultimately obtain a completely effective screen from the light of any bodies beyond. What then would happen if we had an infinite succession both of bright bodies and dark bodies intermingled? The question has some resemblance to the old puzzle, "What will happen when an irresistible force meets an immovable obstacle?" But it is easier to answer,

and the answer is that we should probably get the sort of appearance which we actually see. I venture to think that Professor Newcomb did not sufficiently consider the "dark stars" when he wrote his book, and that if he had done so, he would have modified his conclusions. Now that we have positive evidence of the existence of dark nebulae as well, the argument against an infinitely extended Universe is considerably weakened.

The remaining statement is that we are at the centre of the Universe, if, perhaps, it be limited in extent. Now there is one important previous question: has the Universe a centre? Has a saucepan a centre? The bowl may have a centre, but if we claim a centre for the whole saucepan we must not leave the handle out of account. There is an exceptional and extraordinary feature of the Universe of stars which has something in common with the handle of a saucepan, and cannot be left out of account in a discussion of this kind. I will take the description of it from Professor Newcomb's book:—

Pickering found that the stars of the fifth spectral type are mostly distributed along the central line of the Milky Way. An exception occurs in the case of a group situate in the "Magellanic Clouds," a cloud-like mass of small stars too far south to be visible in our latitudes, and detached from the main course of the Milky Way itself. The total number of the stars in question is 91, of which 70 are in the Milky Way and 21 in the Magellanic Clouds (p. 256).

The seventy stars along the Milky Way lie within a degree or two of its central line, and thus indicate a plane cutting across the Universe in which we undoubtedly lie, and this is a noteworthy fact. But this plane does not cut the whole saucepan symmetrically; it only divides the bowl; there is the handle which must be taken into ac-

count, and its importance may be gauged from the fact that while seventy stars encircle the bowl, no less than twenty-one are in the handle. It seems probable that some important secret about the structure of the Universe lies locked up in that handle. We are only at the beginning of our knowledge of these extraordinary objects—most of them have been discovered within the last decade—and our views of the structure of the Universe may require continual modification as new discoveries are made. A German astronomer, in reviewing Professor Newcomb's book, expressed a doubt whether the problems dealt with were ripe for popular exposition; meaning, probably, that it is difficult to give the average reader at the same time an idea of the present state of our knowledge and a fair notion of the possibilities of error. One cannot help feeling that he was so far right that even a man of the scientific training of Dr. Wallace, on reading the book, has been seriously misled.

To sum up, Dr. Wallace stated:—

(1) That the Universe is limited in extent.

(2) That it has a definite centre, and

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that we are, and have been for millions of years, near that centre.

(3) That by reason of being at the centre the Earth has had an opportunity to develop humanity; and that probably nowhere else in the Universe has there been this opportunity.

In reply it is claimed:—

(1) That the limitation of the Universe is not proved. The view had the support, so lately as the middle of 1901, of so high an authority as Professor Simon Newcomb; but even in the intervening eighteen months a new fact has come to light which weakens his arguments.

(2) That there is no true centre of the Universe, even if limited, and even if there were we could not occupy it for long. The path of the Solar System in millions of years would be a large fraction of the dimensions suggested for the limited Universe.

(3) That no reason whatever has been given why life should not be developed in any part of the interior of even a limited Universe, and that some reasons indicated for doubting whether it could be developed near the boundaries are not in accordance with accepted facts.

H. H. Turner.

Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Oxford.

THE UNREST IN THE BALKANS*

I

By M. TAKE JONESCU.

(Roumanian Ex-Minister of Public Instruction and Conservative Leader)

The incessant agitation in the Balkan peninsula is denied by no one, nor could it be denied. The Christian peoples subjected to the Ottoman rule have invariably suffered under it. So long as the Turkish power was at its height, these sufferings could not find

expression; they were possibly ignored or regarded as a normal state. But, as the Turkish power declined, the Christian subjects began to realize the truth of their condition, and sought to alter it, a phenomenon which has been observed at all times and everywhere. *For revolt is bred of relaxed tyranny.*

The initial cause of this state of

* These articles have been translated by Mr. M. A. Gerotwohl.

things is to be found in the fact that the Turks, whether from contempt or toleration, have scarcely attempted to denationalize or dechristianize—to use an expressive if barbarous term—the peoples they had conquered, but have contented themselves with settling by their side and above them. Neither form of absorption—the absorption of the conquerors by the conquered, such as was the case with the Germans who overthrew the Roman Empire and with the Normans in England, nor that of the conquered by the conquerors, as in the case of the Arab invasion of North Africa and of the Roman conquest of Dacia under Trajan, has taken place in the Balkans.

That is why in the European Turkey of to-day we find a ruling minority, almost negligible in numbers, severed both by race and religion from the majority it overrules; the administration, on the other hand, being simply deplorable, we need hardly wonder at the prevalent unrest. This unrest would be far greater and more violent if the conquered peoples belonged to the same nationality, just as they nearly all belong to the same religious denomination.

But such is not the case, the Turkish conquest having merely congealed the sundry peoples in their respective and original positions, and, since no single nationality has predominated, we are face to face in certain parts of the Balkans with a racial mosaic far more complicated than that of either Austria or Hungary.

For instance, we have at the extremities the Greeks who occupy the shores of the Archipelago and part of Epirus; Servians and Albanians in Old Servia; Albanians again, and Macedo-Roumanians along the shores of the Adriatic; and in the centre, in the province named Macedonia, a medley of Bulgarians, Macedo-Roumanians, Greeks, Servians—Irrrespective of Turks and

Albanians, who together constitute at least one-third of the population.

We must beware of supposing that the various nationalities have strictly defined territories and that it would be an easy task to assign limits to their respective spheres. Such an undertaking would be nowadays impossible, especially if we consider the claim of each national unit to the exclusive possession of the whole province. Besides, as regards Macedonia, I see no means whatever of carrying out the idea. Here the Bulgarians are, comparatively speaking, the more numerous in the open country, but the towns and boroughs contain a Macedo-Roumanian majority, at least as far as race is concerned, or rather a Greek one, when we consider the wishes of the inhabitants; for a considerable section of the Turkish Roumanians betray Hellenistic rather than Roumanophil tendencies.

There was a time when the religious idea predominated among these populations to so great an extent that all would gladly have accepted the erection of a Christian state, whatever language might have been selected for official purposes. At that period it would certainly have been easier to solve the Balkans riddle. But to-day all is changed.

A Westerner cannot imagine what the language question means to these disinherited nations who have known no more than *the dream of grandeur*. How many times have I myself vainly tried to make a Frenchman or an Englishman understand the feeling that leads one to prefer the most miserable and hateful of kindred governments to the most angelic of foreign masters. The Westerners have realized their national unification centuries ago; they have been accustomed to govern alien and inferior races with the sincere conviction that they are thereby acting in

the very best interests of the latter; they have never known the poignant misfortune of seeing their brethren subjected to a foreign power. They are consequently unable to appreciate to its full value that singularly important factor of the human *θῦμος* the feeling of nationality. That feeling is all-powerful in the Balkans, the raising of fragments of the sundry nations into independent or quasi-independent states having swelled their pride and given new life to their hopes. The violence of these national movements furnishes both the strongest safeguard for the Turkish domination and the greatest obstacle to a radical solution. It would be at present impossible to divide Turkey between the rival races without breeding constantly renewed wars between the several Balkan States.

To satisfy all of them is out of the question, and no single one is as yet sufficiently powerful and influential to force the others into submissive acquiescence. Greece, her recent disasters notwithstanding, is still contemplating the largest share in the plunder, despite the fact that the Greeks of Turkey are very few in numbers. The Bulgarians likewise covet everything, and will not entertain the idea of a partner. They are bent on reaching Pinda and the Archipelago, and regard Constantinople as their indisputable lot. I shall never forget the day when a Bulgarian statesman and patriot sought to involve me in combined action in Macedonia, assuring me that his countrymen would welcome for that province a kind of Roumano-Bulgarian dualism. The greater his efforts to convince me, the clearer appeared to me his innermost thought that, after all, the Bulgarian race was entitled to claim the ultimate monopoly.

The Servians ought in reason to busy themselves with Old Servia, and nothing more: but, compressed and checked

on all sides by the Austrian Empire, they will not give up the idea of reaching the Ægean Sea before they have tried the fortune of war. If Bosnia and Herzegovina had fallen to their lot, the problem would no doubt have been greatly simplified. But seeing that any attempt at expansion in that direction is doomed to failure, and anxious to breathe at whatever cost, Servia is inevitably driven southward.

I omit the Macedo-Roumanians, of whom I shall speak presently, and the Albanians, whom a great future would doubtless await were it not for their scission into three hostile religions, a scission that must needs delay for a long time to come any Albanian endeavor towards active concentration.

The points I have put forward clearly imply that a "Balkan Confederation" is at the present moment unsusceptible of realization.

Of course, federation or something of the kind would be the ideal solution; for federation alone could endow each state, to which isolation means weakness, with enough strength to exist *per se*, instead of living from hand to mouth as the obsequious and more or less dependent follower of one or the other great Power.

I do not doubt that, in spite of manifold differences in race, temperament, language, and custom, a most potent tie for the eventual federation might be found in community of religion, past life, and material interests; and that one day federation will be an accomplished fact. But the time has not yet come. The respective claims of each party on the as yet unopened succession are still too contradictory to admit of the federative idea.

There are two further considerations which one cannot afford to overlook. If Greece and Bulgaria have no interests outside Turkey, the case is quite different as regards Servia and Rou-

mania. The immense majority of Servians are to be found elsewhere than within the Servian and Turkish borders, whilst of the ten and a half millions of Roumanians some three millions are settled in Austria-Hungary and about one million in Russia. These are not unimportant data when we think of what might be the political attitude of the future federation under certain circumstances; moreover, it is by no means certain that the two great neighboring empires, Austria and Russia, would view with a favorable eye a federation of the kind mentioned, which could not fail to weaken the influence they at present possess in this corner of the world. Indeed, the uncertainty wherein both empires would find themselves concerning that attitude may well explain their lack of enthusiasm. We cannot expect either to encourage the framing of a federation—at least, not as matters stand to-day. We should also remember that in 1888, when the Bulgarians offered their crown to King Charles of Roumania—whose acceptance would have been the first step towards federation—not only Turkey, but Austria too expressed formal opposition to the project.

But, whilst acknowledging the absolute impossibility within any short distance of time of a federation in whatsoever form—personal union vested in the Crown would prove the least distasteful to all, in spite of the many difficulties to which it would give rise—I have not the slightest doubt that therein lies the future.

To assert and repeat this is a preparation in itself. There is no need of an "union douanière" to hasten the consummation. Trade between the various Balkan States is naturally limited. Our products are very similar, and, as far as imports are concerned, we all require the same commodities. The barrier between ourselves can therefore never grow much in importance, and

still less diminish our traffic with the outside world.

What, then, remains to be done? *To preserve the Turk whilst "pruning" him little by little*; that is, we must follow the example already given, repeat history, and ask for no more. Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, Crete have been created in turn, and Roumella united with Bulgaria. This was the right course, and on similar grounds we shall soon see Crete united with Greece.

For Macedonia, where the intermixture of races is most striking, the best reform will ever be a capable governor, but, as in the case of the Lebanon, a governor appointed for a specific period with the approval of the Powers, and, preferably, a *Christian from the West*.

Under the suggested régime, it would be necessary, from a national standpoint, to make Macedonia into a kind of Switzerland. There would be unilingual, bi-lingual and even tri-lingual parishes. Freedom of propagandism being allowed, the most powerful nation could not fail gradually to impress its stamp upon any particular part of the country.

It will be asked whether the Turk will consent to such a reform. He will have to, for the all-sufficient reason that sooner or later his reluctance would be bound to produce a catastrophe which he could not possibly survive. Apart from this, we must put our trust in Time, which smoothes and unravels so many situations apparently inextricable.

I shall now discuss the question from a purely Roumanian standpoint. Roumania is neither geographically nor socially, so to speak, a Balkan State. The Danube severs her from the Balkans, and if, politically speaking, the Carpathians sever our kingdom from Central Europe, one should not forget that the Roumanian race overlaps both

slopes of the Carpathians and that over three millions of its children are settled on the northern slope and extend westward from the last ramparts of that range to the beginning of the vast plains watered by the Theiss.

If, too, Roumanian history has many traits in common with that of the Greeks, Bulgarians or Servians, there is nevertheless a most striking distinction to be drawn. Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians have been *rayas*—i.e., subjected by the Moslem conquest, which practically suppressed their forms of national existence—so that between their distant past and their comparatively recent resurrection we find a great break of continuity. The Roumanian race has escaped this misfortune. Both Moldavia and Wallachia ever maintained their complete autonomy until the eighteenth century, when it suffered some reduction, though not to such an extent that their national public life could ever have been regarded as extinct. Hence a very great difference in social organization. Bulgaria and Servia are purely rural districts. The Greek colonies of the East and West have, it is true, given Greece a nucleus—but only a nucleus—of ruling classes. In Roumania, where the ruling classes dispose of great power, things are altogether different. It is clear, therefore, that our national life, which is very much akin to that of Hungary and more especially of Poland, differs much from that of Servia or Bulgaria. But, although not a Balkan State properly so-called, Roumania cannot remain indifferent to what is going on in the Balkan regions; and that, for three main reasons.

Of these reasons the first is a sentiment alone. Roumania, being precisely the only Christian state of the East which, after the Ottoman conquest, has preserved uninterrupted a national existence, has for centuries served as a shelter to the Christians of the Peninsula who sought the hospitality of her

soil, there to maintain the memory of their ancient Fatherland and eventually prepare its revival. Here it is that the Greeks of Ypsilante founded their first political associations and the Bulgarians exercised their first legions. Roumania accordingly feels a kind of moral right to claim a voice in every reorganization of the Christian life of the Balkans, a life which is greatly her own work. This purely sentimental interest is backed by a national one.

The Roumanian inhabitants of Turkey—I estimate their number at a minimum of 500,000, but they pretend to be more numerous—are a very small quantity, not a twentieth part, in regard to the total of 4,800,000 Roumanians to be found outside the Roumanian kingdom (3,000,000 in Hungary, 1,000,000 in Russia, 200,000 in Servia, 100,000 in Bulgaria and 500,000 in Turkey), and of 10,400,000 including the kingdom. They nevertheless constitute for the future destiny of the Roumanian race a factor which it cannot afford to disregard. They are all the dearer to the Roumanians of the kingdom, because, if one considers their geographical remoteness and the manifold reasons they might put forward for preferring any other to a purely Roumanian propaganda, their Roumanophil attitude is almost a prodigy. I need hardly say that no Roumanian statesman has ever aspired to annex Macedonia or even to found there a second Roumanian State. But we Roumanians are desirous that our brethren in Macedonia should preserve their nationality, and that every new *régime* should confirm them in the one privilege they do possess, that of cultivating in full liberty their mother tongue. It is no mean comfort for us to know that our language is spoken, our literature read, and our mode of life adopted on the very shores of the Archipelago and Adriatic. Roumania will never give up this heritage unless compelled.

True, it would be easy enough to mistake the intentions of Roumania, judging from her material action. This action, started in 1864, and, reinforced after the war of 1878, has since shown itself so weak and intermittent, that at times—for instance, during the last two years—its complete cessation seemed nothing improbable. But we may shortly expect a revival of national interest and action; the policy abandoned some two years ago will be reverted to, and all will be done to make up for lost time; much has not yet been wasted.

In concluding, we should not forget that the loss of Bessarabia—i.e., of the land situated between the Dniester and the Pruth—a result largely brought about in 1812, and finally achieved in 1878, has caused Roumania to extend southward beyond the Danube, thus gaining access to the Black Sea. Owning to her acquisition of the Dobroudjé, Roumania is henceforth directly interested in all territorial changes which may eventually be wrought South of the Danube.

The men who conducted Roumanian policy in 1878 committed an unpardonable fault when they omitted to ob-

tain from Russia, during the negotiations about Bessarabia, a well-defined Southern frontier, the Rouschlouk-Varna line. Failing this, we cannot, unless compelled by force of arms, accept without some compensation any territorial changes in the Balkan peninsula which might tend to strengthen others in a notable proportion and thereby destroy at our expense the actual balance of power.

Roumania is entitled to a voice in the matter, and she will most certainly claim it. This is an undisputed opinion for most of our politicians, whatever the friendly feelings we may entertain for our Bulgarian and Servian neighbors.

That is why Roumanian interests point to the preservation of the Turk and to a progressive amelioration of the present status, and not to a radical solution which must inevitably breed a conflict from which Roumania could not stand aloof.

As for the eventual federation, Roumania would be the very first to welcome it, seeing that to her would fall the part of *prima inter pares*.

II

BY GENERAL TZONTCHEFF.*

Vice-President and Military Commandant of the Central Macedonian Committee, Sofia)

As you know, my friends and I are at the head of the Macedo-Andrinopolitan organization, whose sole object is to improve the condition of the Christian population in Macedonia and in the Vilayet of Andrinople. We have weighed the various considerations which can influence our line of conduct and shall formulate our appreciation from that particular standpoint.

* General Tzontcheff has been arrested and imprisoned by the Bulgarian Government since February 15 of this year.

You ask us to state the main cause of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula. We reply without hesitation: The Ottoman administration in the European provinces of the Turkish Empire. This Turkish system of administration stirs up dissatisfaction among the Sultan's subjects, and its effects are also felt in the neighboring regions.

Both provinces, Macedonia and the Vilayet of Andrinople, are peopled by a majority of Christians, who are re-

lated in language and religion to the Border States. The Christian population of Macedonia—that centre of discord!—embraces segments of several nations, but the preponderance of the Bulgarian element cannot be denied; indeed, that element is numerically stronger than all the others put together. Hence the warm-hearted sympathy of the Balkan peoples for their fellow countrymen who suffer under the Turkish yoke.

The Sultan's Government knows but one road to pacification (?): an increase of cruelty. The natural outcome is intensified dissatisfaction among his Christian subjects and intensified sympathy among their free brethren.

Therein lies the whole secret of the prevalent unrest in the Balkan peninsula.

This unrest, however, is further aggravated by the territorial covetousness of the neighboring States. These are all equally persuaded that Turkey is doomed to gradual dismemberment and partition, with the result that each hopes to extend its frontiers at the expense of the European provinces of Turkey, and more especially of Macedonia, which thus becomes a source of violent competition.

In order to strengthen their respective claims to inheritance, the sundry Balkan States seek support among their fellow countrymen in Macedonia, and strive to augment their influence by this agency. Even Roumania, which lies far away from the Macedonian frontiers, and can only boast in the province an insignificant number of Roumanians, is doing all within her power to maintain some kind of influence, for fear of losing her share of the eventual "plunder."

The Turkish rulers have understood what use to make of this rivalry between the various nationalities; and, relying on it rather than on their own strength, they not only leave a free

hand to agitation in Macedonia, but are constantly provoking and creating them. That is why in these later days Macedonia has become the incentive to and scene of a desperate struggle between the diverse Balkan States.

The Macedonians are quite justified when they assert that, if their country is still to-day under Turkish rule, the misfortune is entirely due to their free brethren, who seek to divide instead of to assist them in obtaining their liberty.

This consideration apart, the two Powers directly interested in the Balkans take advantage of the existing rivalry between the petty States, and thereby exercise an obnoxious influence on the security of this region.

But we must not forget that to destroy the evils we must first of all eradicate the cause—the *Turkish system of administration*. This change of administration once effected, the dissatisfaction of the Christian population of European Turkey would cease, and the Border States would see the disappearance of any incentive to territorial covetousness and rivalry. The consequence would be closer union between all the Balkan States.

Our firmest conviction, therefore, is that peace will be restored in the Balkan peninsula as soon as Macedonia, the Vilayet of Andrinople, Old Servia and Albania have been raised into autonomous provinces under the suzerainty of the Sultan and the Protection of the Great Powers. The latter should, however, impose well-defined ethnographical and political boundaries.

Before concluding, I should like to add a word. The idea of a partition is daily gaining ground, in face of the almost insuperable difficulty which any single State would encounter in an attempt to acquire the whole of the Macedonian territory. Such a partition could but add to the disorder. Of this we are firmly persuaded, and we

are accordingly working for the maintenance of Macedonian integrity. Should the need for action ever arise,

you would see us fighting against the partitioners as ardently as we are now fighting against Turkish misrule.

III

By M. P. SKATISTIVIS.

(President of the Cretan Chamber of Deputies)

From every standpoint, whether geographical, historical, political or racial, the Island of Crete finds itself in a peculiar position, very distinct from all other Eastern lands. The cradle of the earliest Greek civilization, it has ever been occupied by a purely Greek population. The Mussulman inhabitants of Crete, who, judging from the census conducted some two years since by eminent officials of the Italian Statistical Department, number hardly one-tenth of the entire population, are, with but few exceptions, descended from the Greeks, and in complete ignorance of the Turkish language. In fact they differ from the Christians in religious matters only, and in the practice of polygamy, that characteristic trait of the social life of the Turk.

The Cretans, who took an active share in the seven years war of Hellenic Independence (1821-28), have constantly manifested their desire for reunion with Greece by a series of insurrections; and if they have not as yet thereby fulfilled their wish, they have at least earned certain privileges which have gone far to create in Crete a state of affairs very different from that of any other province of the Ottoman Empire. A special legislative body, a special legal organization, exemptions from certain taxes, and the recognition of Greek as the only official language, these various privileges contributed to secure for the island a sort of semi-autonomy, wherein the Turkish suzerainty asserted itself in one connection only—by the presence of a Turkish

garrison. Throughout these insurrections the support of all Cretans, who, owing to age or sex, were unable to carry arms, fell to the lot of Greece, whilst the military preparations which that country felt compelled to make in order to face any eventuality are regarded as one of the main causes of its financial deficiencies.

This it was, perhaps, that prompted Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, to abdicate in 1830 the Hellenic Crown. To explain his action he argued the neglect shown towards Crete by the Powers which had decided the creation of the kingdom.

The most recent outbreak in Crete, that of 1896, brought about the intervention of Greece, with the result that a Greek corps under Colonel Vassos was despatched to occupy the island. The outcome of this intervention was the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, during which Greek action in the island was prohibited by the Powers, anxious to separate entirely the Cretan and continental questions, and settle the former quite apart from the latter. The autonomy promised after Colonel Vassos' expedition was ultimately realized by the choice of Prince George of Greece to act for a period of three years as the High Commissioner of England, France, Russia and Italy, and by the departure of the Turkish troops.

Since that time all connection between Crete and Turkey has been severed. The Cretan organization is carried out on the Greek pattern by Greeks or Cretans who have been in-

structed at Athens in the various administrative branches, and this, added to the recognition of Greek as the official language, lends to our country the aspect of a Greek province.

But the present state of things—i.e., a protectorate under the four Powers and the maintenance of an international garrison in the island—are only temporary measures. What will be the definite arrangement which should remove from Europe's shoulders the care of this Eastern land? Is Crete to form a distinct principality under Turkish suzerainty, as in the case of certain Balkan regions? The first Parliament convoked after the accession of Prince George gave solemn consecration to the unanimous wish of the Cretan population in the shape of an unanimous decree expressing to the Powers the desire for annexation by Greece. And this appears to me the only practical solution. A population of barely 300,000 like that of Crete cannot meet the outlay necessitated by the organization of an independent State. For this assertion there is excellent proof. It is generally conceded that under the wise rule of Prince George order has been restored and justice administered with impartiality, irrespective of religious denomination. Yet, although several administrative departments are flourishing, the public revenue, which has averaged some 3,000,000 francs per annum, does not provide a centime for the construction of new ways of communication or for the improvement of natural produce; besides, when the foreign troops have left, a new burden will arise for us in the maintenance of a militia force.

I have recently been assured that annexation is generally admitted by European experts to be a necessity, but that one must needs await a favorable opportunity. This opinion is perhaps responsible for the renewal of Prince

George's mandate for an indefinite period at the expiration of his tenure of three years. It seems as if the Powers feared lest difficulties similar to those raised by the Balkan States in regard to the reform projects in Macedonia would arise in the case of Crete. I shall point out, first, that the political situation of Crete, since 1898 more especially, is quite different from that of Macedonia; secondly, that the highly advantageous reforms which Turkey is about to adopt in favor of her Slav population should furnish the Powers with precisely the required opportunity.

As for adapting to Macedonia the present Cretan administration, I cannot give any technical opinion in the matter, the country not being personally known to me. But I hardly think it would be an easy task to frame a province which the Powers do not wish to separate from Turkey on the Cretan pattern. For ours is a State whose constitutional autonomy has been sanctioned in Rome by the representatives of four great Powers. Apart from this consideration, I may repeat that our island is almost entirely peopled by Greeks, and the Mussulman minority, with very rare exceptions, speak the same tongue. In Macedonia, on the other hand, the Greeks number but one million out of a population of 2,500,500. The remainder are Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, Wallachians, etc. Thus we find numerous tribes, each unacquainted with any but its own language, and between whom any true understanding is regarded as very difficult. All that can actually be hoped for is the formation of a *gendarmerie*, as in Crete, commanded by European officers foreign to any country interested in the problem. From such a corps much may be expected as regards the maintenance of order and the security of the population actually threatened by Bulgarian bands.

THE OBERLES.*

BY RENE BAZIN.

III

THE FIRST FAMILY REUNION.

Jean went slowly toward the sound of the bell. He was perfectly happy at this moment. He was taking possession again of a world which after many years had been reopened to him and in which he was permitted to live, to work, to be happy. These words lingered in his thoughts, which were full of delightful agitation; they went hither and thither, chasing each other like a troop of dolphins, and with them came others—family life, comfort, social position. He looked at his home affectionately as he followed the path by the stream; he mounted the steps with respect, remembering that they had been built by the grandfather, to whom the house and indeed the whole domain, except the mill and the wood yards, still belonged.

When he had passed through the hall which extended from the front of the house to the back, he opened the last door to the left. The dining room was the only one which had been "renewed" according to the directions and after the taste of M. Joseph Oberlé. Everywhere else, in the drawing room, the billiard room, the chambers, was the old mahogany furniture covered with green or yellow Utrecht velvet. "My creation," as M. Joseph Oberlé called it, recommended itself by an entire absence of lines. Color replaced style. The walls were wainscoted half way up in maple wood, in tints of pearl grey and rose. Above, and reaching to the painted beams of the ceiling, were four large canvas panels, decorated

with designs of iris, gladiolus, passion-flower and verbenas. Wherever possible, the straight line had been sacrificed. The moulding of the doors described curves running in all directions like the stems of a climbing plant; the frame of the large window was made of waving lines; and the chairs were in the bent wood of Vienna. The *ensemble* was wanting in character, but there was a certain charm in the softened light and in the far-away imitation of the world of flowers. It might have been the dining room of some happy young couple.

The four habitual companions whom Jean was about to meet did not correspond to this description, and there was no harmony between them and the decorations of the room. They always sat in the same places round the square table, according to an order established by affinities or by profound antipathies.

The first to the left of the window, nearest to the panes which shed on her the reflection from their bevelled edges, was Madame Monica Oberlé. Tall and thin, with a face that had been once round and fresh but was now pale, lined and faded, she gave the impression of a person who was accustomed to hear always the words: "You are mistaken". Her soft, near-sighted eyes greeted those who were presented to her, with a fluttering smile which seemed always ready to vanish. They never rested on any one until they had hesitated for a little, till they were sure they would not be repulsed or misunderstood. Then there shone forth a clear intelligence, and a good heart, grown a little shy and sad, but still capable of hope and illusion.

No one could have had a more care-

* Translated for The Living Age by Annie Dunbar Perkins.

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less childhood, or one less fitted to prepare her for the part, which later, she would be obliged to play. Her name was Monica Blehler, of the old family of Blehlers of Obernai. From the top of the ancestral house which lifted its notched gable above the ramparts of the little city, she saw an immense plain. The garden full of clipped box, pear trees and hawthorn, in which she played, was only separated from the public promenade on the ancient wall by an iron railing, and so the vision of Alsace imprinted itself day by day on the mind of the child, and she loved this country, so happy then, its beauty, its peace, its liberty, the villages whose names she knew, whose rose-colored clusters among the wheat she still could see.

Monica Blehler knew only this. She never quitted Obernai except to pass two months in summer at the lodge of Heidenbruch in the forest of Sainte-Odile. Once only she had crossed the Vosges, the year before her marriage, when she made a pilgrimage to Domremy in Lorraine. Those had been three days of unalloyed happiness. Madame Oberlé remembered them as among the purest joys of her life. She would say, "My journey to France!" She had kept her simple-heartedness and her shyness, but she had kept also the sincerity and courage of her love for her country and her people. Then she had suffered more than a woman of another temperament as she saw her husband beginning to lean toward the German party, and finally joining it. Her pride as an Alsatian had suffered, and more than all, her maternal love. The same cause which alienated her from her husband led him to take her children away from her. The lines in her face, faded before its time, might have stood each for a distinct anguish; this one for despised love, that for futile tenderness, another for her injured Alsace, for the separation from Jean

and Lucienne, for the waste of that treasure of love she had been heaping up for them all her life.

The bitterness of it had been all the sharper, because Madame Oberlé had never deceived herself as to the real motives which guided her husband, and he was well aware of this. He was humiliated by the presence of this witness whom he had never imposed on and whom he could not help respecting. She personified the very cause he had abandoned. When he felt the need of justifying himself—which he did constantly—it was to her that he addressed himself, it was her silent disapproval that made him furious. Never once in all these twenty years had he been able to wring from her a single word of admission that Alsace had become German. The timid creature yielded to force, but she would not give her approval. She went into society with her husband, and in her quiet dignity no one could mistake her attitude or reproach her for it. And in this way it was not only appearances that she saved. Separated from her children, she was not separated from her husband. They had continual scenes, sometimes silent on one side, sometimes bitter and violent on both, but Madame Oberlé understood that all that M. Oberlé disliked in her was her clear-sightedness and her judgment. She hoped that she might not always be in this position. Now that the children were grown, she expected that there would be decisions of importance to make concerning them, and by her long patience and by the many concessions she had made, she hoped to have gained the right to speak and perhaps to be heard.

Beside her, at the right, the grandfather, M. Philippe Oberlé, always sat. Five minutes before meals the door of the dining room would open and the old man would enter, leaning on the arm of his servant, trying to walk

erect, dressed in a shapeless garment of dark woolen, his red ribbon in his buttonhole, his head drooping and languid, his eyelids almost closed, his face puffed and bloodless. He was placed in an easy chair with headrest, upholstered in gray; a napkin was fastened round his neck, and he waited, leaning back, with his hands on the table, those pale wax-like hands in which the twisted blue veins were so prominent. When the others arrived M. Joseph Oberlé grasped his hand, Lucienne threw him a kiss with a few words in her clear voice, and Madame Oberlé stooped and pressed her faithful lips to his forehead. He thanked her and watched her as she sat down. He did not look at the others. The son of the old Alsace which had known how to pray, made alone with her, the sign of the cross. And served by his loving, silent neighbor who knew his distress at his awkwardness, and forestalled his wishes, he would begin to eat, moving his relaxed muscles with difficulty. His head continued to rest on the back of the chair. The mind was still clear in a body almost lifeless. It was a theatre where for his pain or pleasure alone, passed before him the ancestors of the persons whose names were mentioned in his hearing. He did not speak, but he remembered. Sometimes he would draw from his pocket a little slate and pencil, and in a trembling hand would write a few words and give them to Madame Oberlé to read—a correction, a forgotten date, approval or disavowal of words spoken on the other side of the table. Generally they knew that he was interested or moved by the quivering of his heavy eyelids. All this was only for a moment. Life soon fell back into the depths of the prison whose bars it had tried to break. Night sank again around the thought so baffled in its expression. And in spite of their familiarity with it, the sight of such misery, such ruin,

weighed upon each member of the family. It was less painful to strangers who were passing an evening at Alshelm, for at such times the old man never tried to break the bonds that oppressed him. M. Joseph Oberlé had always been careful to present his guests to his father, until a few years before, when he had written on his slate: "Do not present any more people to me, especially if they are Germans. Let them salute me; that will be enough". But the son still kept up the habit—and it was a touching one in this selfish man—of giving the accounts of the works, every evening, to their old director. When the ladies had gone to the drawing room, while he smoked his cigar in the dining room, he would tell over the contents of the mail, the commissions, the purchases of timber. Though M. Philippe Oberlé was only a sleeping partner in the industry he had founded, he felt as if he were still advising and directing. He loved to hear about the maples, pines and fir trees, the oaks and birches among which he had lived and breathed for fifty years, and he greatly valued this "conference" as the sole moment of the day when he seemed to himself to be living in the life of others. Otherwise he was nothing but a shadow, a mute, ever-present spirit who sat in judgment on his household, but rarely pronounced his judgment.

On one supreme question his son was at variance with him. M. Joseph Oberlé's seat at table was directly opposite his father, and though he might pretend to address all his remarks to his wife or daughter and not to notice the fingers that trembled with impatience or hastily wrote to Madame Oberlé, he was not the man to avoid unpleasant subjects. Like many people who have been forced to make an important decision in life and have not done it without a violent struggle with conscience, he returned persistently to

the German question. Everything was made a pretext for alluding to it, current events, political news in the morning paper, a visiting card brought by the postman, an order for planks from Berlin or Dresden, the wish expressed by Lucienne to go to a certain ball. He found it necessary to boast of what he had done, just as defeated generals will make explanations about the battle, and how they were placed in positions which obliged them to act thus and so. All the resources of his mind, which was a fertile one, were exercised upon this case of conscience which had been settled long before and which no longer aroused discussion on the part of the sick grandfather, or of the wife who had taken refuge in silence.

Lucienne alone approved and supported her father. She did this with the decision of youth which judges the sorrows of the old, their memories, the charm of their past,—coldly and hardly, as if they were dead things to be looked at in the light of reason alone. She was twenty years old, with plenty of pride and frankness as well as a naïve confidence in herself, an impetuous nature and a reputation for beauty only partly justified. She was slender like her mother, and like her, tall and well made; from her father she inherited rather larger features, more like the usual Alsacian type, and a tendency to *embonpoint*. All the lines of her figure were already perfectly developed. Lucienne Oberlé always gave the impression of a woman rather than a young girl. Her face was frank and expressive. When she listened, her eyes, not so large and of a lighter green than her brother's, followed the conversation and revealed her thoughts. She had few dreams. There were also other charms which explained her success in society—the wonderful brilliancy of her complexion, her red lips, her magnificent red blonde hair, so rich

and heavy that it broke her tortoiseshell comb, and the carriage of her head, like that of a proud, young goddess. She walked well, she played tennis well, she swam finely, and her initials had more than once appeared in the newspapers of Baden-Baden as "one of our best skaters". This physical training was one reason of the separation of her interests from those of her mother, who had never been more than an excellent pedestrian, and was now a very moderate one. But there were other causes which had separated them irrevocably—the German education of the Pension Mündner, which was more scientific, more pedantic, more eclectic, and a great deal less religious than the education her mother had received partly from the nuns of Nôtre Dame in the convent in the Rue des Mineurs, and partly in Obernai; and, above all, the social relations and surroundings in which Lucienne had been brought up. Ambitious like her father, desirous of success like him, entirely withdrawn from her mother's influence, entrusted to German teachers for seven years, received into German families, living among pupils who were almost all German, flattered by everyone, either on account of her natural charm or from motives of policy or proselytism, she had acquired very different habits of thought from those of the Alsace of former times. When she returned home she no longer understood the past of her race or of her family.

In her eyes all those who defended the past or who regretted it—her mother, her grandfather, her Uncle Ulrich—were representatives of an epoch which was ended; they held opinions which were unreasonable and puerile. She immediately took her father's side against the others. It depressed her to find closely, related to her, the sort of persons whom all the Pension Mündner, and all her acquaintances in Baden-Baden and Strasbourg would

consider behind the times. For two years she had lived in an atmosphere of antagonism. She felt for her family the most conflicting sentiments. She had a real tenderness for her mother, but she deeply pitied her for belonging, as it were, to another century, to a doomed society. She had no confidants. Would her brother Jean be one? Anxious for his arrival, almost a stranger to him, desiring affection, wearied with family quarrels, and hoping that he would range himself on the side she had chosen, that he would be a support and a fresh argument, she longed and feared to meet him. Her father had just repeated the conversation he had had with Jean. She had answered, cried out, rather: "Oh, thank you for giving me my brother!"

They were all at the table when the young man entered the dining-room.

The two women, who were seated face to face and in the light of the window, both turned their heads, one of them softly with a smile that said, "How proud I am of my son!", the other thrown back against her chair, her lips half open, her eyes sweet and confident as if it were a lover who approached, saying aloud, "Come sit here by me at this end of the table; I have made myself pretty just to please you!", and as she embraced him adding very low, "Oh, how delightful to have somebody young to say good morning to!" She knew very well how to make herself pretty in a waist of pale violet trimmed with lace. She was also sincerely glad to meet the brother of whom she had had nothing more than a glimpse before she took the train for Strasbourg the night before. Jean thanked her with an affectionate glance and took his seat between Lucienne and his mother. He unfolded his napkin, and Victor the servant, with the face of a full moon and eyes like those of a young girl, always in terror for fear of a blunder, was approaching

with a plate of radishes when M. Joseph Oberlé, who had just written something in his note book, pulled his whiskers and announced:

"You all see Jean Oberlé here present—you, my father, you Monica, you Lucienne. Well, I have a piece of news for you about him. I have given him permission to settle here in Alshelm and become a manufacturer and lumber-dealer."

The blood mounted into three faces at the same moment: Victor, trembling like a leaf, drew back his radishes.

"Is it possible?" said Lucienne, who did not wish her mother to know that the matter was already known to her. "He will not finish his terms?"

"No."

"And after his military service, he will come home to stay?"

"Yes, to stay always with us."

The moment after some great emotion is often more agitating than the emotion itself. Lucienne's eyelids trembled and grew moist. She laughed at the same instant and her red lips quivered with loving words. "So much the better," she cried; "I do not know whether it is for your interest, Jean, but it is fine for us."

She was really beautiful at this moment as she leaned towards her brother, thrilling with a joy that was perfectly genuine.

"I thank you," said Madame Oberlé, looking gravely at her husband and wondering what had been his motive. "I thank you, Joseph; I should never have dared to ask you such a thing."

"But you see, my dear," answered M. Oberlé, bowing, "You see that when plans are reasonable, I accept them. And really I am so unaccustomed to be thanked that for once I am much pleased. We have had a satisfactory conversation, and day after to-morrow Jean will be sent with my buyer to one of the timber lots that we are consid-

ering. You are aware that I never lose time."

Madame Oberlé saw the unskilful hand of the grandfather extend itself towards her; she took the slate which he held and read: "This is the last joy of my life!"

Nothing expressed happiness in that face, grown as insensible as a mask, except perhaps the fixity with which M. Philippe Oberlé regarded his son who had given back a child to Alsace and a successor to the family industry. He was astonished, but he rejoiced. All the rest were like him, they forgot to eat. Victor also forgot to serve; he was pleasing himself with his importance in the kitchen and the town when he should announce "that M. Jean was going to take the works, and never leave the country."

For several minutes, in the pearl-colored dining-room, the four persons who met there every day had a separate dream, a secret opinion, a vision not to be shared, of the possible or probable consequences which this event would have for them; they were troubled as they thought that to-morrow might prove altogether unlike what they fancied. Something seemed to be crumbling, habits, plans, laws acquiesced in or submitted to for years. Something like confusion and defeat mingled with the joy of the good news.

The youngest was first to recover her poise. Lucienne said, "Are we going to have no breakfast because Jean is to have it with us? My dear, this reminds me how we were before you came, not every day but very often—silent beings who were thinking only of themselves. That is so destructive of the charm of society. We are not going to begin that again, are we?" She laughed, as if all these misunderstandings had vanished. She made fun of the silent meals, the evenings at Alsheim that were ended by nine o'clock, the rare visits, the importance of an invitation

to Strasbourg. And everybody encouraged her to abuse the past, supposed to be abolished by the will of one man, perfectly happy, perfectly master of himself, who sat observing and studying his sister with astonished admiration.

"But now," she went on, "everything is to change. From now to the month of October, we shall be five at Alsheim instead of four. Then you will take your military service, but that is only for one year and you will have leave of absence?"

"Every Sunday."

"Can you sleep at home, dear?" asked Madame Oberlé.

"Yes, I think so, Saturday night."

"And it is such a pretty uniform," continued Lucienne, "the Attila tunic as blue as a corn-flower, braided with yellow, black boots, the lance—but what I like best is the sealskin cap with its panache of black-and-white horse hair, and white brandebourgs. It is one of the prettiest uniforms in our army."

"Yes, one of the prettiest in the German army," Madame Oberlé hastened to say, wishing to make amends for her daughter's unfortunate remark, for the grandfather had made a gesture as if he would brush something away from the cloth.

M. Joseph Oberlé laughed. "And one of the dearest. I make you a pretty present, Jean, in allowing you to choose the regiment of Rhenish hussars Number 9; I shall not get off under eight thousand marks."

"Do you mean it? As dear as that?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of it. Yesterday at Counsellor Von Boscher's, I mentioned before two officers the sum I thought exact and no one contradicted it. Officially, a volunteer of one year, in the infantry, is supposed to spend two thousand two hundred marks, but he really spends four thousand; in the artillery he is supposed to spend two thousand seven hundred, but he spends

five thousand: in the cavalry the difference is greater, and whoever says you can get off with three thousand six hundred marks, is laughing at you; you must count upon seven or eight thousand. That is what I declared and will hold to."

"That is because the regiment is made up of the best material, father," said Lucienne.

"A great many fine fortunes, in fact—"

"And many of the nobility, with sons of rich manufacturers from the banks of the Rhine."

A swift smile of mutual understanding passed between Lucienne and her father. Only Jean perceived it; the young girl had hardly moved her lips. She continued: "The places of the volunteers are so sought for, that one has to apply early to keep one."

"I spoke to your colonel three months ago," said M. Oberlé; "you will be recommended to several of your officers."

Lucienne burst out thoughtlessly: "You can bring some of them here! That would be very amusing."

Jean made no answer. Madame Oberlé blushed, as she often did when a word too much was said before her. Lucienne was still laughing, when the old man ceased to eat and by abrupt, painful movements turned his melancholy, white head towards his granddaughter. The eyes of the old Alsatian must have spoken a language easy enough to translate, for the young girl stopped laughing, made a slight movement of impatience as if to say, "Good heavens! I forgot you were there," and bent over to offer her father some Wolxeim wine, but in reality to escape the reproach which she felt directed toward her. The three others, M. Oberlé, Jean and his mother, as if they had agreed together to put an end to this state of things, began to talk rapidly about the military service and the barracks of St. Nicholas of Stras-

bourg, but with unnecessary words and elaborate gestures and marks of interest. None of them dared look in the direction of M. Philippe Oberlé, who continued to stare at his granddaughter, guilty of a thoughtless and unfortunate expression, with a look as implacable as remorse itself. The end of the meal was hastened by this discomfort, which became unbearable when, on Madame Oberlé entreating her father-in-law to overlook Lucienne's remark, he answered, "No," and refused to eat longer.

Ten minutes later Lucienne joined her brother, who had preceded her, as he was lighting his cigar in one of the avenues of the park. He turned as he heard her footsteps. She came running after him, suddenly changed into a passionate, imperious creature, with no thought of making herself beautiful; she had no hat, though the wind tossed about her hair, and over her shoulders she had thrown a white woolen shawl.

"Well," she cried, "is it not intolerable?"

Jean puffed on his cigar five or six times, protecting the lighted match with his hands, then throwing away the red fragment, said: "Very hard, little one, but you must learn to bear it."

"It is not a question about a little one, but a big one, on the contrary, and one who wants to explain herself to you. We have been so long separated, my dear, that we must get acquainted over again, for I hardly know you, and you hardly know me. But, never fear, I am going to help you—that is what I have come for."

He gave a glance of admiration at this beautiful creature who had come to him with a deliberate purpose in spite of her violent agitation; then, without losing his calm, feeling that his honor as a man compelled him to keep his judgment clear and not allow himself to share her excitement, he be-

gan to walk beside Lucienne along the path, bordered on one side by a long screen of trees and on the other by the lawn.

"You can say what you choose to me, Lucienne; you can be sure—"

"Of your discretion? I have no use for that this morning. I simply want to show you clearly my way of thinking on a certain point, and I make no secret of it. I say again, that it is intolerable. Nobody here can mention Germany or the Germans unless it is to abuse them. If one says a word of praise, or even of justice, mamma bites her lips and grandfather mortifies me publicly before the servants, as he did just now. Is it a crime to ask a volunteer of a year to bring his officers to Alsheim? Can we help your being obliged to make your service in a German town under officers who, if they are Germans, are none the less accomplished men of the world?"

She walked along nervously, twisting in her hands the gold chain she wore. "If you only knew, my poor Jean, how I have suffered for want of freedom in this house, and from finding our parents so different from the education they have given us—and, by the way, why did they give us such an education?"

Jean took his cigar out of his mouth. "It was my father alone who wished us to have it."

"He is the only person here with any intelligence."

"Oh, how can you speak so about your mother?"

"I want you to understand me, Jean; I am not one of those people who hide half their thought and embellish the other half so that nobody can recognize it," she answered composedly. "I love mamma more than you think, but I can criticise her. She has a sort of domestic intelligence, she is discriminating, she has some taste for literature, but she has no comprehension at

all of general questions. She cannot see beyond Alsheim. As for my father, he understands a great deal better our present situation in Alsace. He has been broadened by his business connections, which are very extensive, and also by his commercial interests and his ambition."

"Of what ambition are you speaking?"

"Do I surprise you; yes, for the little girl of whom you spoke just now, this must seem audacious and even irreverent. Is it not so?"

"Yes, a little."

"My dear, I am only anticipating your own judgment; I want to prevent your losing time in comparative psychological studies. You have just come; I have been out of school for two years and a half, and I should like you to profit by my experience. Well,—there is no doubt of it—our father is ambitious. He has all that is necessary for success; an iron will toward his inferiors, a great deal of pliability toward others, money, and a quickness of mind which makes him superior to all the German functionaries and manufacturers we see here. I predict, now that he is on good terms with the Stadtholder, that it will not be long before you see him a candidate for the deputation."

"Impossible, Lucienne!"

"Perhaps, but it will certainly happen. I do not say that he will offer himself to Obernai, but somewhere else in Alsace; and he will be nominated because he will be strongly supported by the government, and he will name his price. Perhaps this possibility did not enter into your calculations when you decided to come back to Alsheim? I can see that I trouble you; you will have other troubles. What you ought to know, dear Jean," and she emphasized the dear, "is that the family mansion is not an amusing place. We are hopelessly divided."

They were silent for a moment as they approached the gate, and turning round the lawn took the walk which led back to the house.

"Hopelessly—you think?"

"One must be a child to doubt it. My father will never change and become a Frenchman again, because that would be to give up his future and resign almost all his commercial advantages; mamma will never change because she is a woman, and to become German would be to abandon a sentiment which she considers a very noble one. And I do not suppose you would hope to convert our grandfather. Well?" She stopped and stood in front of her brother. "Now, Jean, since you cannot make peace by gentleness, try force. Do not imagine that you can be neutral. Even if you wished it, circumstances would be too strong, I am sure. Join my father and me, even if you do not think entirely as we do. I came to talk with you, to entreat you to side with us. When mamma sees that both her children are against her, she will defend the traditions of her girlhood with less energy; she will induce grandfather to abstain from such demonstrations as we had this morning, and our meals will be less like pitched battles. We should have the upper hand. That is all that we can hope for. Will you? Papa told me hurriedly this morning that you had not any special love for the Germans. But you have no animosity against them?"

"No."

"I only ask you to be polite and tolerant towards them, or rather toward us who wish to be on comfortable terms with them. You have lived ten years in Germany: you can go on living here in the same way—you will not leave the room when a German calls upon us?"

"Certainly I will not. But, Lucienne, even if I take a different attitude from mamma because my education has

made certain things bearable which are odious to her, I cannot blame her. I think there is something pathetic in the feelings that make her what she is."

"Pathetic?"

"Yes."

"I think them utterly unreasonable." Jean's green eyes and the lighter ones of his sister questioned each other for an instant. The young people,—each grave, each with an expression of astonishment and defiance—measured each other, asking: "Is this really she who a little while ago was so merry and so sweet?" "Is this he who is resisting me, the brother brought up like me, who ought to yield if only because I am young and he is glad to see me?" She was displeased. In this first encounter there clashed together the violent temper which Lucienne had inherited from her father, and the inflexible will which the mother had transmitted to her son. It was Lucienne who broke the silence. She turned about to continue her walk and said, shaking her head: "I see how it is; you think you will find in mamma a confidant to whom you can open your heart entirely. She is worthy of all respect, my dear, but in that idea you are mistaken. She is too unhappy or fancies she is so. I have tried. Everything you said to her would simply serve as an argument in her own quarrel. For example, if you wanted to marry a German—"

"No—no."

"I suppose a case—mamma would rush to find papa to say to him: 'See what a dreadful thing! It is you who have done it!' And if you wanted to marry an Alsacian our mother would pride herself upon that, and say: 'He is with us, against you, against you, against you!' No, my dear, your best confidant at Alshelm is Lucienne." She took Jean's hand and lifted her face, brilliant with youth and life, close to his as they walked. "Believe me; let

us be open with one another. You do not know me well—you have been away so long on your travels—I surprise you. You will find that I have great faults; I am proud and selfish and make very few sacrifices; I am a little of a coquette; but I am not insincere. When I was expecting you, these last days, I promised myself one abiding joy: that of having your youth near to understand what mine meant. I have no one here in whom I can confide. You do not know how I have longed for some one. You will let me, will you not?"

"Yes, yes indeed."

"You will tell me your thoughts, but above all I can talk to you, and not suffocate as I have so often done in that house. We can find the compan-

ionship we both need. But what are you thinking about?"

"This poor house!"

Lucienne looked up at the slate-roofed house which rose before them. "Yes," she murmured, "if you only knew how sad and gloomy it is." Then she gave him a kiss, saying as she went, "I am not so bad as you fancy, brotherkin, nor so untender for mamma. I am going now to find her and talk about your return; she surely must want someone to tell her happiness to—" She turned back to smile at her brother, and with her goddess-like walk, free and strong, replacing the loosened hairpins in the hair dishevelled by the wind and exercise, she crossed the fifty paces that separated her from the door, and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD.

Lone played the child within the magic wood,
Where fountains sang and sunshine ever glowed;
Half-hid among red roses on his way,
He came at last upon a dark abode.

He knew not sorrow, and when cries came forth
Of bitter grief, he could not choose but stay,
And turned from joyous paths his dancing feet,
To see what wonder in that dim house lay—

Met at the door a woodman stern and cold,
Who looked into the sunshine with blind eyes,
And saw behind him with a hidden face,
One who made sad the wind with sudden cries.

"And who are you," the man looked up and spoke,
"Who comes thus singing to the home of grief?"
"I am a babe," the little child replied,
"Who finds the world all fair beyond belief."

And at his voice the woman stayed her cries,
And at his laugh she raised her hidden face.

"Dark is the day and drear the world," she said,
"And lives no beauty in this barren place."

"Drear is the earth," the man spoke with a sigh;
"Cold is the sun that long has ceased to shine;
Chill is our house set in a desert place,
And grief and sorrow on our hearth repine."

"I see the roses blossom on the roof,"
The child replied, and raised a wondering gaze;
"I hear the birds' glad singing in the woods,
The sun shines ever through the long, sweet days."

He laid in each sad grasp his fingers small.
"Lo, there," the woman said, "the roses see!
They cling upon the roof like amber rain:
For them the birds do sing a melody."

"And see," the man replied, "how fair the sun
Doth warm the earth into a thousand flowers;
See the long shadows of the poplars move:
Short is the day that hath such golden hours."

"Will you not stay and teach us to be glad?"
The woman cried; "We then indeed were blessed."
"I am but little to go forth alone,"
The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play
Beside her hearth, and at each purple eve,
When came the man soft singing from his work,
All full of dreams he could but half believe,

The woman met him on their threshold; spoke
In solemn wonder, with a "Hush!" and "Hark!"
"To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door:
With his small hands he shut her in the dark."

Or, "Go you soft: he slumbers like a bird
That nests, half-singing in his pleasant sleep:
To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—
This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep."

So stayed the child and played before the door,
And if a rose in languor over-sweet
Would fall upon his way, the woman kissed
The dimpled arches of his little feet.

The Child.

Or if a leaf in loving leaned too far
From her high branch, and whirled upon his hair,
The woman ran to break it in her hand
And raise the sunny curl it lit on there.

And oft she kissed his throat all full of song—
Without excuse, to hear his laughter go,
Caught by some echo sung from tree to tree,
Into the distance like a streamlet flow.

So went the hours until one morn she rose
To find him gone, and sought him all the day,
Until at purple eve the man came home,
And loud with weeping she did stop his way.

"He is not lost," the man said with a smile,
And proud of heart he held her by the hand,
"He lingers but a little, for his feet
Are in a strange road still in manhood's land."

She looked and saw a youth upon the path,
With axe upon his shoulder, and his eye
All strong and clear to meet the world, and fight
A victor's fight, should one his claims deny.

Quick to her side he came with joyous step
To kiss her cheek that was so pale and wan;
And yet she saw his gaze go past her face,
Some stranger maiden so to rest upon.

But as he stood, the man soft murmuring
Looked, saying slow, "It is my son, my son,
So straight of limb, so comely thus to see;
Now is the glory of my life begun."

But when the night was still the woman went
Where slept the youth in his small room alone,
And from a hiding-place a casket drew,
With now a tear, and oft a stifled moan.

And from its perfumed hollow quick she brought
Two little shoes, and held them to her heart,
Stained them with tears, with many kisses cried,
"Oh, little feet that strayed from me apart."

"Oh, little child that I shall see no more."
She laid the casket in its hiding-place—
Then bent in prayer above her sleeping son,
Who smiled in dreaming of another face.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

THE CRISIS IN THE CHURCH

It is asserted that a wave of anti-clericalism is passing over the country, that there is a growing distrust and dislike of the clergy, that recent events in Parliament are a symptom of this distrust, and that it much concerns those who have the interests of the Church at heart to consider why this is, and, if they can, to remove the causes of it.

Much is also being said in this connection of the rights of the laity, and a Bill is now before Parliament, which has passed a second reading in the House of Commons, for the purpose of asserting and securing those rights. That nine millions should have been voluntarily subscribed for Church work and in support of clerical objects in 1902 is proof conclusive that this alleged distrust of the clergy is not very general. What may be admitted to exist is a distrust of the clergy amongst certain classes—amongst persons who have found seats in Parliament, some of them friendly in their way to the Church, but who have little acquaintance with Church principles and derive their knowledge of Church matters chiefly from the newspapers, the reports in which are often inspired by a hostile purpose and written with ulterior objects. There exists also a dislike of the clergy which is due to the same cause as that which is largely responsible for the persecution of the religious Orders in France. A Church which is identified with the world excites no opposition. A Church which makes no inconvenient claims, and which insists on an answer to no awkward questions, which is content to allow its members to ignore the supernatural, acquiesces in a standard of morals which is not too strict, and insists on just that amount of respecta-

bility and of religious observance which enables the conscience to close its eyes to its real condition, and to make the best of both worlds—such a Church excites little hostility. Why, indeed, should it? The day may come when, like any other institution, it is attacked, and when that occurs such a Church falls like a house of cards, for no one cares to defend it; but meanwhile it is at peace. The world knows its own. No wondrous works are being performed within its borders, and it occurs to no one "to beseech" the clergy "to depart out of their coasts." Reverse the picture. Let the Church proclaim the Catholic Faith, let it declare "This is the truth: you can accept it or reject it, but you reject it at your peril." Let it insist on the doctrine of the Cross and the crucifixion of self, on the grace conferred by the Sacraments, on the Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist, on the power of the keys and the gift of absolution, on the fact that we are here and now brought into contact with God through the ministrations of His Church—and the different forces which make up the world rise up at once in opposition. The charge is made of mediæval superstition, of clerical assumption, of an attempt to revive the domination of the clergy, of a desire to create an *imperium* in an *imperio*. Under the plea of anti-clericalism the clergy are attacked, while all the time it is the world, under the disguise of anti-clericalism which is refusing to be brought face to face with the Divine life of the Church.

There is, then, a distrust and dislike of the clergy, which, far from being a discredit to the clergy or a symptom of danger to the Church, is a witness to the Church's life, and a proof that the

clergy are true to their vocation. What Archbishop of Canterbury in later times appeals to the heart and imagination of Churchmen like Archbishop Laud? Who has so deep a place in their veneration? What Archbishop has so unmistakably left his mark on the Church of England, on the whole Anglican Communion? Did he meet with no opposition? Was there no anti-clerical feeling excited in his case? The scaffold and the block on Tower Hill may be left to answer those questions; but though he died his work lives on. The seed he sowed grows and shows no sign of decay. He may have been mistaken in his political aspirations, in his methods of repression by the civil power, but is there one who cares for the Church of England who would have had him less keen to assert the Catholic Faith, one who would have had him shrink from the opposition he encountered? It is the mission of the Church and every member of it to bear witness to the truth in the teeth of opposition, and there is therefore great need to discriminate between the kinds of opposition to which the Church and the clergy may at any time be exposed.

Again, there is an anti-clericalism and a distrust of the clergy due to politics for which it would be most unjust to make the clergy always responsible. Such anti-clericalism has existed in Italy when the clergy have seemed to be in opposition to the popular aspiration for national unity, in France when they have seemed to be identified with the cause of the Bourbons or of the Empire, in England when the necessity for an alliance between the Church and a Conservative Government has been insisted upon. Such anti-clericalism will depend upon whether the Church is in harmony with the popular feeling of the moment, whether it happens to be in opposition to the political aspirations of a particular party. It shows, indeed, very clearly the disadvantage

it is to the Church to be entangled with or committed to any particular Government or any one political party, but in itself it has to be discounted, and the responsibility for it will depend on the causes which have produced it. The anti-clericalism of Dr. Clifford and his friends, for example, need not, I should suppose, disturb the consciences of the clergy in England at the present moment.

There is a third form of anti-clericalism which is due to the fear of interference on the part of the clergy with matters outside or only indirectly connected with their office. The feeling expressed by the words "we don't want the parson interfering with us; if we give him an inch he will be taking an ell" is not unknown in England, especially in the country; but this, so far as it exists, results more from dislike of the methods and character of a particular clergyman than from dislike of the clergy as a class. What those have in view who insist on the development of anti-clericalism in England at the present moment is dislike of the clergy as such—a feeling that they have ulterior objects which they do not avow; that as clergy of the Church of England they are pledged to teach one thing, but do in fact teach another; that they are disloyal and disobedient to their own superiors, insisting on the duty of obedience in others, but disregarding that duty themselves.

Now, even here I believe that it will be found on examination that much of this feeling, so far as it exists, is due very largely to causes of which some, in view of the history and the circumstances of the Oxford revival, were practically unavoidable, while others were the direct and certain consequences of the principles and aims of that revival itself.

That revival forced those who were interested in religious matters to take definite sides in regard to them. By

its sacramental teaching it brought men face to face with the supernatural, and such teaching repels if it does not attract in a way that an easy-going religion which exacts very little—and such religion still widely holds its ground in all ranks of society—is quite unable to do.

Take the mere fact of the restoration of the Holy Eucharist to its proper place as the one service of Divine obligation. In face of such restoration you must either accept or break with the Church's teaching in a way which was by no means necessary when such a modicum of religious observance as attendance at the reading of two chapters of the Old and New Testaments, some Psalms, and a few collects was all that was necessary for maintaining a character of ordinary religious respectability. The Eucharist put back into its proper place as the distinctive Sunday service—and no one can pretend that primitive Christianity did not so consider it—brings men face to face with the question how far they really accept the Christian religion in all its supernatural character. It is a test they cannot avoid. The preaching of the duty of confession in cases of grave sin, its expediency in many others, does the same thing; so does an insistence on the strictness of the Church's law as to the indissolubility of Christian marriage and the Church's prohibition of divorce. It is not so easy in the face of such a revival of Christian doctrine and practice to make the best of both worlds. Such teaching exemplifies the truth of the saying "I came not to send peace, but a sword." It constitutes an attack on the ordinary life of the world, its principles, and its convenience, which cannot fail to excite opposition. No one, whether friend or foe, not even Mr. Walsh, the author of the *History of the Oxford Movement*, will deny these to be the principles and teaching that have inspired

the Oxford Movement, or will refuse to admit that they suggest a cause for a development of an anti-clerical feeling in England, the absence, not the presence, of which would be a source of anxiety as to the future of the Church, and the occasion of just reproach to the clergy.

One other fact in the history of the Oxford revival in England must not be lost sight of. The clergy—for it was their own more immediate business—were naturally the first to be influenced by that movement, and in a greater corresponding degree than the laity, who had other interests. The consequence has been that their theological and ecclesiastical standpoint has often come to be in advance of that of the general mass of the laity. Hence not unfrequently a divergence of view, a loss of mutual contact and understanding, with the further consequence of misunderstanding, and not unfrequently of misrepresentation on the part of those who wished to discredit the movement. Mr. Walsh's *History of the Oxford Movement* is the signal instance of such misrepresentation. Dr. Fairbairn, the distinguished Nonconformist Head of Mansfield College, is a better witness than Mr. Walsh, and well describes¹ the impulse which, under the influence of the Oxford Movement, has inspired the clergy of the Church of England. They were inspired, he writes, by the belief that the Church to which they belonged was "one of Apostolic descent, of continuous life, supernatural endowment, and Divine authority; they studied how to make again significant and symbolical her homes and temples of worship, how to deepen the mystery of her Sacraments, how to make her live to the eye of imagination, as to the eye of faith, arrayed in all the grace of the Lord, clothed in all the dignity and loveliness of the Holy Catholic and

¹ "Catholicism Roman and Anglican."

Apostolic Church." The spirit which animated the Oxford Movement can hardly be better described. It placed before the eyes of the clergy the vision of a Church which corresponded to all their wants, supplied all their needs, provided them with just the weapons they required for the winning of souls: it also revealed to them as they looked around not only how little the actual condition of the Church in which they ministered corresponded with the vision which had so fired their imagination and had spoken so strongly to their hearts, but how little that Church carried out the plainest requirements of her formularies, how completely she professed one thing and did another. Was it wonderful under such circumstances that they should sometimes have revolted against the stupidity, the want of spiritual preception, and the blindness to all the ideal side of things which had made such a falling short possible in the past, and which now in the present was for ever putting obstacles in the way of its realization—was it wonderful, I say, that they should have resolved that this ideal which had appealed so strongly to their hearts should be realized even at the price of much opposition, and that the great Church to which they belonged and which they desired so ardently to serve, should once more re-enter, even at the price of the alienation of some who in fact hardly belonged to her, on her inherent rights, her full Catholic heritage?

It was, it is, a noble vision—one for which a man might well give his life; but a price had to be paid for its realization, and the price has been that period of ecclesiastical strife and unrest which has marked the history of the Church of England for the last sixty years, and of which the difficulties of to-day are but a further stage and development.

If there is any truth in these state-

ments—and I think they can hardly be denied—they go a long way to explain the difficulties, the perplexities, and ambiguities of the present state of ecclesiastical affairs. The Liverpool Church Discipline Bill, which obtained a second reading in the House of Commons on the 13th of March, introduced with the express object of securing the rights of the laity to have the services of the Church ministered to them as the Church has prescribed—a right no one would deny—provides that any layman is to be enabled to institute legal proceedings against any clergyman, whether the Bishop approves of such proceedings or not, for enforcing what is assumed to be the law of the Church; and every clergyman who does not obey the law thus declared is to be summarily deprived of his living, and declared incapable henceforward of holding any preferment in the Church of England.

Now, if the Bill, as it professes, had merely been a measure to enforce a better observance of the law of the Church, no one would have objected to it, least of all those who represent the Oxford Movement. Such a measure would have contemplated an enforcement of the rubrics which insist that Mattins and Evensong shall be said daily in every parish church, that there shall be a Celebration of Holy Communion at least on Sundays and Saints' days, that the Athanasian Creed shall not be omitted when ordered to be recited, that the use of the vestments prescribed by the ornaments rubric shall be enforced on all the clergy, and that the clergy who pretend to marry divorced persons shall be punished, with many other like things; but it is quite notorious that the Bill in question contemplates nothing of this sort. Its object is to set Courts in motion which it knows have no authority over the consciences of those who are to be dragged before them, in order to stere-

otype and bind upon the necks of both clergy and laity an interpretation of the rubrics for which the Privy Council alone is responsible, and which has very generally been repudiated both by the Episcopate and by the Church at large.

If this had been generally understood—if it had been perceived that the Bill was one which, if it had been passed and acted upon forty years ago, would have deprived Mr. Keble of his living and declared him incapable of holding preferment in the Church of England—can anyone suppose that it would have obtained a second reading, or that any doubt could have existed as to its real purport and scope? It would have been seen to be what it is—a measure directed not against this or that doctrinal exaggeration and ritual excess, but against the whole High Church party and the underlying principles of the Oxford Movement.

The most cursory examination of the debate shows how false the issues are that were raised, how completely the very points in dispute were assumed, and, I may add, how absolutely incapable Parliament is of dealing with such a subject. Indeed, if the matter were not so grave, there would be something almost ludicrous in the childlike unconsciousness of the difficulties which beset the whole question with which members not unfriendly to the Church voted for a measure the results of which, were it ever to become operative for the real purposes of its promoters, would be so very different from those they had been led to expect.

Does anyone deny that the laity have a right to have the services ministered to them as the Church has prescribed? No one. Does anyone deny that the law of the Church ought to be enforced? No one, again. The whole point is, What services has the Church prescribed; how does she require them

to be performed; what is the law of the Church; what is the doctrine and discipline which the clergy have sworn to accept? These are the questions which through the whole of the debate were persistently begged. For example, it is assumed throughout, notably in Sir William Harcourt's speech, that it is the right of Parliament and of the Crown to deal with the Church. Does the insistence on such a right mean the right of Parliament—*i.e.*, in theory, of the Church laity—to clothe with legal sanction and to invest with coercive power the enactments of the Church, and on the part of the Sovereign the right to see that Church law is properly and justly carried out; or does it claim for Parliament as it is—*i.e.*, the representatives of the country irrespective of Church membership—a right to make and alter the law of the Church as they see fit, and for the Sovereign through the machinery of civil tribunals to determine what that law is? The first, however little it may correspond with the present constitution of Parliament, is in theory unobjectionable, but it is the second which is assumed by Sir William Harcourt when he asserts the right of the Crown and Parliament as representing the laity to deal with the doctrine and discipline of the National Church.

It is an old and acknowledged right which appears to be asserted, but it is a new right which in fact is claimed—a right which nullifies the indefeasible right of the laity and clergy of the Church of England to determine their own affairs free from the interference and intrusion of those who are not members of the Church. It was said in the course of the debate that such a claim was inconsistent with establishment. The case of the Established Church in Scotland contradicts that assertion; but can any reasonable man pretend that Presbyterians and Non-conformists, Jews and Mahommedans,

Agnostics and non-Christians—and there are representatives of all such in Parliament—should be entitled to discuss the affairs of the Church and to interfere in Church matters to the infringement of the rights of the laity and clergy of that Church, and to the great detriment of the Church herself? Can there, indeed, be a more flagrant claim, as Dr. Fairbairn, the most distinguished representative of Nonconformist opinion at Oxford, admits, “than that those whose distinctive note is dissent from the Church should be invested with legislative power over a Church they dissent from, or that men whom the Church cannot recognize as fully or adequately Christian should be law-givers for the very Church that refuses them recognition”?

It is quite plausible, if you assume the position asserted by Sir William Harcourt, to insist that 220 or indeed any number of incumbents who reject the interpretations put upon the formularies and rubrics of the Church by the Privy Council should be deprived at once; but the matter becomes less simple when it is remembered that the position is one which has always been emphatically denied by the largest and most influential section of the Church, and that a man like Mr. Keble could declare that it was a duty to make “the whole of Christendom ring with a protest against it.”

Again, it is assumed that anything which offends ordinary Protestant susceptibilities is necessarily at variance with the law of the Church. Is this the fact? The late Dr. Neale once said, “England’s Church is Catholic though England’s self is not,” and it is a remark which sums up and explains the whole of the present situation. Clergy are not unfaithful members of the Church because they offend Protestant susceptibilities. They are unfaithful if they contravene the law and principles of the Church, and a

little examination will show that it is not the conduct of the clergy except in so far as they are no longer content to allow great portions of the Prayer Book to remain a dead letter, but the principles of the Church itself, that are the real grounds of offence. Parliament has the power to do many things: it can disestablish and disendow the Church if it pleases, it can endeavor to alter the constitution of the Church, it can attempt any other revolution: but it has no right to brand those as disloyal who are merely carrying out principles and practices enjoined by the existing formularies of the Church.

It is worth while to examine this point in some detail, for it is the key of the present controversy.

It has to be asserted, and asserted most emphatically—it was a point that was constantly being pressed in the debate on the Liverpool Bill—that the laity possess the most undoubted right to have the Church services and privileges as provided by authority at their disposal, and not to have that right infringed by the private taste and fancy of the officiating minister. But it has to be asserted no less emphatically that this right is not to be infringed by (1) influential persons, inhabitants of the parish or persons from the outside, or even the man in the street, who likes to attend church but does not like Church principles, and by pressure manages so to get them tampered with as to suit his own tastes and convenience; (2) Dissenters, Nonconformists, Agnostics, Jews, who by the constitution of Parliament as it now is claim to interfere in Church matters to the infringement of the rights of the members of the Church. Nothing, indeed, can be more monstrous or contrary to the fact than the assertion that Englishmen as such have a right to interfere in the internal affairs of “the National Church.”

Consider what the position is and

what the rights are which the Church of England claims for herself and her members.

To make this matter plain, I would draw attention to the fact, which has been shown over and over again in a perfectly conclusive manner, notably by Sir John Seeley in his book *Ecce Homo*, which created so great a sensation some years ago, that Christ saves mankind through incorporation in a hierarchical society: that He came to found a Kingdom.²

Consider the character of that Kingdom. As witnesses to that character I will call three writers, two of whom are entirely opposed to my own convictions, while the third is a writer in the *Guardian* whom no one has ventured to contradict. "Sacerdotalism," says Dr. Fairbairn, the Nonconformist Head of Mansfield College, Oxford, in the interesting and instructive book from which I have already quoted, "was full blown by the time of Cyprian." Now, S. Cyprian was martyred in the middle of the third century—that is, before the first of the Ecumenical Councils to which the Church of England appeals. "It is no justification," says a writer in the *Pilot* newspaper, "to say that a practice obtained in the fourth century." "The Church system of the Nicene period was in almost all essential respects the same as" what the writer calls "Romanism," and he adds, "We must protest against both." It is a far-reaching statement, and one to which exception might be taken, but it is true in so far as it expresses the fact that no trace of Protestantism is to be found in the Church system of the Nicene period.

"The Catholic Church," says the writer in the *Guardian* to whom I have

referred, "of the age which settled the Canon of Scripture and was responsible for the Catholic Creeds, was the Church which, beyond dispute, invoked the Saints." I quote this, not for its bearing on the practice of invoking the Saints, but for the light it throws on the position claimed by the Church of England. What is important to remember is that it is precisely to the teaching and practice of the Church of the first four Ecumenical Councils that the Church of England makes her most explicit appeal—a fact no doubt remembered by Dr. Wace, who is a brave man and a perfectly independent witness, when he declared, as reported not long ago,³ in the journal of the Ladies' League, Lady Wimborne's organ, that he would have no clergyman prosecuted for any practice which could appeal to the sanction even of the first five centuries. Were that understood and acted upon, we should hear no more of disloyal clergy or of the need of prosecutions. For of course there is no real doubt as to the character and teaching of the Kingdom founded by Christ by the end of the fifth century. No one pretends that by the time of the fourth General Council the doctrines and practices for which the clergy are now being attacked were not everywhere recognized by the Church. To justify those clergy it only remains to show how clearly and unmistakably the Church of England makes her claim to be a portion of this one Kingdom of God upon earth—that is, to be a part of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, a sharer in all the rights of that Church, bound by all her doctrines and principles, and not a mere collection of units associated together in virtue of their Protestantism

² Within this idea of a Kingdom of God upon earth the question whether the supreme government of this Kingdom is vested in S. Peter and his successors (either in union with or independent of the rest of the Episcopate) or in the *Corpus Episcoporum*—that is, the whole body of

the Episcopate holding our Lord's supreme authority in commission—though a point of the utmost importance in view of the history of the Church, does not affect the main issue.

³ Vide "Ladies' League Gazette," January, 1903, p. 311.

and by the exercise of their own free will, as is the case with all those religious societies which have set themselves up outside and independent of the Church of Christ.

Let me give three illustrations which shall make this claim on the part of the Church of England perfectly clear.

I will take first the question of Ordination.

Consider the official attitude of the Church of England towards converts who are "ministers." From the Roman Communion they are received as priests. For example, no incumbent can be instituted unless ordained a priest. A convert priest from the Roman Communion is instituted to a benefice on exhibiting his letters of Orders from a Roman Catholic Bishop. Others—Dr. Clifford, for example, or a minister from the Established Church of Scotland—have to be ordained: their status on reception is not that of a priest, but of a Confirmation candidate. The fact speaks quite unmistakably as to the position the Church of England claims, and on which side she ranges herself in the controversy between Catholics and Protestants.

Secondly, I will take the Mass. In spite of its simplicity, which is only saved from baldness by the wonderful beauty of its English, and by the dignity of full Western ceremonial with which the ornaments rubric orders it to be clothed, the English Communion service is on precisely the same principle as the Roman Mass.

First, Preparation—Collects, Epistle, Gospel, Creed; secondly, Offertory and Oblation; thirdly, Preface, Sanctus, and Consecration; fourthly, Communion; fifthly, Post-Communion and Dismissal. The identity is further emphasized by the fact that the manner of executing the rite by virtue of the ornaments rubric is generically the same.

It is the Mass of the Catholic Church so arranged as that Church has al-

lowed individual portions of that Church to arrange it. By consecrating in both kinds the priest who celebrates makes the Sacrifice, by Communion in both kinds he consummates it, in a prayer he asks that the action may be acceptable: what matters whether that prayer be made before or after the consummation of the act? The act is the same, and there is not a single Roman Catholic theologian who, admitting the validity of the Orders conferred by the English Church, would deny it. The Archdeacon of Liverpool, indeed, agrees with Cardinal Vaughan in denying the validity of English Orders, but, granting their validity, the fact of the substantial identity of the Latin and English rites is one which cannot be contested.

The Confessional shall be my third illustration. Consider the form of ordination, "Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven;" "the moving" of the sick man, "if he feel his conscience troubled by any weighty matter"—and what mortal sin is not a weighty matter indeed?—to make his confession in order that he may receive absolution; the invitation before Communion to those conscious of and distressed by grievous sin to come to the priest for confession, ghostly counsel, and absolution, which imposes on every parish priest the moral obligation of making himself accessible, and to qualify himself as a confessor. Could any provision more emphatically emphasize the character the Church of England claims for herself in regard to a matter of doctrine and practice which more than any other is a red rag to popular Protestantism and self-satisfied worldliness? Yet Mr. Balfour in the debate on the second reading of the Liverpool Bill seemed to imply that to preach this doctrine as to confession and absolution was the crowning proof of the disloyalty of the clergy, and the justification of stern measures, could such

be effectual, to repress the practice. Would it not be more honest to drop any insinuation of disloyalty, and to say what is, indeed, the truth—that such teaching is to be put down if possible, not because it is disloyal to the Prayer Book, but because those responsible for the present agitation dislike it? The present agitation itself testifies to the fact. What is it that the promoters of that agitation denounce? Not this or that detail of ritual, not the use of incense or any such matter, but, to use their own words, “the Mass” and “the Confessional.” These were the matters expressly insisted upon by the speakers, Mr. Mellor and others, at the meeting in St. James’s Hall called in support of this Liverpool Bill a short time before its introduction. But “the Mass” and “the Confessional,” as everyone knows who understands the question, *can* only be put down by altering the Prayer Book; and when that fact is generally discovered—for it is a fact, and the more these matters are threshed out the plainer it will appear—the country will then begin to see what these charges of disloyalty are worth, and who are the faithful and who the unfaithful members of the Church of England.

One thing is already apparent. Both the conduct of the Liverpool Bill and its provisions show, not for the first time, how hopelessly out of touch its promoters are with that great mass of Church feeling and principle represented by what it is the fashion just now to call the “Moderate Party” in the Church of England. The fact has been proved over and over again. It will be remembered that Bishop Harold Brown, when Bishop of Winchester, at the time of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, threatened to resign his see if Parliament attempted to deprive him of his veto on any threatened prosecution. There are

many bishops to-day who would refuse to be relegated to the position of nonentities in their own dioceses. But to a consideration of that sort the promoters of the Bill are profoundly indifferent. They care nothing for the fact that were it ever to pass and to prove more than a dead letter, it would not make for peace, but, on the contrary, would be the source of confusion and strife. They do not concern themselves with the awkward questions which would arise in regard to the canonical position of the deprived clergy and their relations to their successors and their congregations. They are indifferent to the certainty that the advocates of disestablishment would assuredly seize the opportunity of pressing that question forward, and that under such circumstances they would be reinforced by a strong detachment of High Churchmen who have long ceased to regard disestablishment as a positive evil, and are only asking themselves whether the time has come to work for it as a positive good. It never occurs to them to consider whether the Church of England is doing less or more for souls than she was twenty-five or thirty years ago, or who is to benefit by this arrest of all good work and the setting up of congregation against congregation.

They assume that a state of things which was the result of a total indifference to all the requirements of the Prayer Book in the past represents the true mind of the Church of England. They have to be undeceived. They have to be shown that they are in the position of the lodger who is trying to turn the rightful owner of the house out of doors that those against whom this Bill is in reality directed do not ask for toleration, but that they intend to insist on their rights.

They have to learn that “perjured priests,” “faithless ministers of a Church whose bread they eat, and

whose principles they betray," "Jesuits in disguise," are not phrases they can continue to apply with impunity to men who have learnt what the requirements of the Prayer Book really are and whose lives are spent in one round of self-denying work, for the most part in the poorest livings and in the most unattractive neighborhoods. Such men are indifferent to what is said of them. Their Master's work and example are enough for them; but will their friends always be so patient? That patience may be exhausted.

The laity who know what the Church of England is do not intend to see their clergy turned out. If the rights of the laity are to be insisted upon, let them be insisted upon impartially; let the laity of the Church insist on having the rites of the Church ministered to them in their entirety. Let them see that every parish priest is compelled to say Mattins and Evensong daily, that he is not allowed to shelter himself under the plea, which the *Times* newspaper puts into his mouth, that the rubric which orders the recital of the daily office is obsolete, or to pretend that family prayers are a substitute for Mattins and Evensong said in the Church. Let them see that the Athanasian Creed is not omitted or mutilated in order to please those who think it signifies nothing whether men reject God's revelation of Himself or not; that doctrines like those of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of the Body are not denied. Let them require—what more important right does a layman possess?—that the Holy Eucharist be celebrated in every parish church at least on Sundays and Saints' days, that the Holy Eucharist be restored to its proper place as the chief service on Sunday, and that opportunities be provided on Sundays and Saints' days for Communion at an hour which does not impose too great a strain in observing the Church's rule of fasting Communion.

Let them insist on the Blessed Sacrament being always reserved in some safe place in every parish church, so that no one may run the risk of being deprived of Communion in the case of any sudden emergency, that the Friday abstinence and the fast of Lent be duly observed, that a proper regard be had for vigils and Saints' days, that priests be punished who read the marriage service over divorced persons; and let them also insist, and vehemently insist, on their right, as Catholic Christians, not to have the cure of their souls entrusted to any priest who does not believe in and will not give facilities for practising the Catholic religion. To intrude such into the ministry and to place them in positions where they have cure of souls is a plain infringement of the elementary and most essential right of the laity of the Church. Let the laity also assert their right to have the formularies of the Church, if occasion arises for their interpretation, interpreted apart from any preconceived and assumed background. The neglect of this lies at the root of many existing difficulties. The mass of the decisions given by the so-called Ecclesiastical Courts did not attempt so to interpret them: they considered only the later formularies and interpreted them by the imaginary background of a sort of Protestant Common Law. This is especially true of the decisions of Bishops' Chancellors. If the formularies were taken by themselves and *all* the formularies were considered, not those only subsequent to an imaginary date, the Catholic background which belongs to them would be self-evident, and might safely be left to take care of itself. By what authority, it should be asked, are the Canons of 1603 to be obeyed and previous Canons to be ignored? What becomes of the authority of the Church if such arbitrary distinctions are to be allowed? The great need of the present time is a reassessment.

tion of the true principles of ecclesiastical authority. How is the exercise of that authority to be vindicated if the principles on which it rests are violated? The Church is an organized army in which those who fight her battle against the forces of evil are not mere units, but parts of a whole—in which none is isolated from or independent of the rest.

The affairs of S. Michael's, Shore-ditch, which have recently been the cause of so much distress, are more than enough to prove this. It is an unhappy business about which many untrue things have been said; but can anyone think that the late incumbent, whose self-denying work amongst the poor was beyond all praise, and who had done so much to make those whom he found absolute heathens into good Christians, had in the least considered as he ought the circumstances of the Church as a whole, and the difficulties he was creating, not only for himself, but for the Church at large? Could there be any doubt that the Bishop had the right, if he insisted upon it, to require that the services ordered by the Prayer Book should be given without omission and without addition? The root principle of the Church revival is the recognition of the authority of the Church. Doctrines are preached and practices restored not because they commend themselves to us, but because they are ordered. Can we think this was sufficiently kept in mind by Mr. Evans? Has it always been sufficiently kept in mind by others? Has the legitimate authority of the Bishops always been sufficiently remembered? Cannot instances be cited in which things have been done which are really irreconcilable with a due recognition of Church order and Church authority?

In matters touching their religion people are naturally and rightly conservative. Nothing is so irritating as changes which are supposed to be due

to the arbitrary will of another. When a suspicion is aroused that such a change is only due to the arbitrary will of a particular priest it arouses opposition and provokes the assertion on the part of the layman that he will only accept so much of the priest's teaching and practice as he likes. Under such circumstances the whole principle of Church authority is apt to disappear.

The layman feels that he has a right to the services prescribed by the Church, and not to have imposed upon him any fancy service inaugurated by the individual clergyman; and as many laymen (and indeed some clergymen) are often very imperfectly instructed as to what is prescribed by the Church, it ends in the right to have what the Church orders being too often confounded with a right to prescribe what the services of the Church should be, and results not unfrequently in much irritation on the part of the laity if they do not get exactly what they like.

So far as there is any distrust of the clergy at the present time, I believe this to be at the root of it, and the only remedy is a frank acceptance all round of that principle of authority in matters of faith and practice which distinguishes the Church from the sects. I say all round, because if in this matter there is blame attaching to individual clergy and laity, there is also blame—may I be forgiven for saying so!—attaching to the Episcopate. The vindication of true ecclesiastical authority has been and is the one thing needed in the past as in the present to secure the Catholic revival from the various dangers which beset it. Does the Episcopate ever seem to have considered this matter as it deserves, and to have faced the question whence it derives its own authority, what is the extent of that authority, and what are its limitations? Is it not true that throughout the whole course of the Church revival the Episcopate has been

constantly banning what as time goes on it has come to bless—permitting, sometimes even encouraging, the stoning of the prophets, and then building them sepulchres? I will venture to say, and it is a matter upon which I have some right to speak, that from the beginning of the ritual controversy about the year 1866 to the present time there has never been a moment when the Bishops might not have regulated the whole course of the revival, if they would frankly have asserted their authority as Catholic Bishops and acted on Catholic principles. Instead of that, what has been their conduct?

While they have not ventured, at least in later times, or perhaps even wished, to enforce the interpretations of the Privy Council as a true exposition of the law and rubrics of the Church, they have never had the courage or the principle openly and unmistakably to vindicate their own authority as against that of the Privy Council. The consequences are such as might have been foreseen. They are the present disorganization in which ecclesiastical authority finds itself, and the attack which is now being made on the Bishops themselves for failing to enforce what the general laity have every excuse for believing to be the discipline and law of the Church.

The Lambeth Opinions are the latest and most conspicuous example of an opportunity to vindicate the spiritual authority of the Church completely thrown away. If in regard to the use of incense the Archbishops had given no reasons, but had said, "In our opinion as Heads of the Church, we think it desirable, under existing circumstances and in view of present prejudices, that incense should not be used in the services of the Church," they would have been obeyed—with regret and under protest it may be, but obeyed. As it was, the decision was one which not only in itself, but much

more in regard to the principle on which it was based, was implicitly destructive of any claim the Church of England could make to continuity with the past and the possession of true spiritual authority.

Would Mr. Keble, would Dr. Pusey, have admitted the right of an Act of Parliament (for it was on the words of the Act of Uniformity of Elizabeth, expressly dissociated from any claim to ecclesiastical sanction, that the Opinions were based) to determine the ritual of the Church?

If it was right to refuse obedience to the Public Worship Regulation Act, could there be any duty to render obedience to a ruling which entirely based itself on a similar Act of Parliament? There can only be one answer to that question. While it might be expedient, while it might be prudent, in view of the matter under dispute, to conform to such an Opinion, there could be no duty in the matter; and so the clergy as a whole felt and acted—some conformed their practice to the Opinion, and some did not. Meanwhile, the use of incense is practically allowed with only such modifications in the manner of use as show the intrinsic futility of the original decision.

I insist on this because it is this attitude on the part of the Episcopate which makes the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline so difficult, I might say so impossible, until the only principles on which obedience in spiritual matters can be rightly claimed and rendered are once more frankly and fully recognized by the authorities of the Church. The great need of the present time is that decisions should not merely be pronounced by ecclesiastical persons, but that they should be arrived at and delivered on principles recognized by the Church. As it is, the authorities of the Church of England make a boast of the Church of England's independence from the rest of

Christendom. They erect her isolation, and the state of practical separation from the rest of Christendom in which, largely by the fault of others, she finds herself, into a principle—something to be almost proud of, instead of one to be deeply deplored. They refuse to recognize that they owe any duty of obedience to the rest of the Church. The authority of the whole Church is nothing to them; "*securus judicat orbis terrarum*" seems to be a phrase without meaning in the ears of our rulers. In resisting the mediæval and temporal claims of the Papacy the English Episcopate seems to have lost all sense of the duty it owes to the Primate of Christendom and the rest of the Catholic Episcopate East and West. Rome may reject our Bishop's claims, but that rejection cannot relieve them from the obligations those claims impose—assuming those claims, as we believe them, to be well founded. But Anglican Bishops appear to care absolutely nothing for, they do not even pretend to consider, the teaching and practice of the great majority of those who are sharers with them in the Episcopal office. What the other Bishops of Christendom believe and teach might for all practical purposes, so far as they are concerned, be non-existent; and yet they have no misgivings about insisting on the duty of obedience to themselves on grounds which in their own case they totally disregard.

To claim obedience on Catholic principles yourself you must not abandon the ground on which your own authority rests. You cannot totally disregard the authority of the rest of the Church, and at the same time claim for a part the authority you deny to the whole. The authority of the part must obviously be exercised in subordination to that of the whole from which it is derived. Is it wonderful when all this is ignored—when, as in regard to reservation for the sick, all deference for

the authority and practice of the whole Church, East and West alike, all respect for the appeal of the Church of England to primitive practice, and that in a matter vitally affecting the need of souls, is wholly thrown on one side—that English Bishops find it difficult, often impossible, and rightly impossible, to vindicate their own authority in the eyes of their own clergy and laity, and still more impossible to do so in the eyes of a critical and unbelieving world? What respect, indeed, does the Protestant agitator pay to the authority of the Episcopate except when it can be invoked to torment a ritualist? What, indeed, is the attitude of the mass of our countrymen towards all these subjects? What is their attitude, for example, towards the Prayer Book? Half of the community—I am talking of the religious part of it—neither believes what is in the Prayer Book nor pays the slightest attention to its directions. The proportion of Nonconformists to professing Churchmen is a proof of this; and even of professing Churchmen what proportion of them either know or attempt to conform to the precepts and practices of the Prayer Book? As to the other half, the majority of them, so far as they believe in the teaching of the Prayer Book and conform to its practice, do so in their own way, and without any real regard to or understanding of the principles it enshrines, and which alone make it a serviceable instrument for the salvation of souls, and the satisfaction of more spiritual wants which it is the business of the Church to supply.

No doubt, owing to the Oxford Movement, there has been a great change for the better in this respect, but taking that change at its best, what little realization there is still of the Church as an organic whole!

It is not felt to be a living *Body* indwelt by the Holy Ghost, really one with and summed up in Christ, of

which no part therefore can be independent of the rest, and of which the authority must ever at all times be the same.

Instead of this, the Church is conceived of as a collection of units, each really separate, and only accidentally brought into relation with each other. That we are saved as members of a Body, and in a Body—the Body of Christ—is practically forgotten; that *Totus Christus* is Christ and His Church is ignored. We see the fact unmistakably evidenced by our whole attitude towards the Departed and towards the doctrine of “the Communion of Saints.” We do not believe in the Communion of Saints because we do not believe in the Church, and we do not believe in the Church because we have got into the habit of looking upon the Church of England as a body separate from and independent of that whole Church of which she is but a fragment, and of interpreting her rules by themselves instead of by the practice and teaching of undivided Christendom.

If the present troubles should compel us to face these difficulties and to realize our duties in respect to the great principles of Church authority and Catholic obedience, and teach us to recognize a little more clearly what the Church is, they will prove, instead of a misfortune, a blessing indeed.

I will conclude by some general observations which are suggested by the present state of ecclesiastical affairs.

Since the sixteenth century Protestantism has effected a *de facto* lodgment within the borders of the Church; an anomaly in itself hardly tolerable, which hampers the Church in her office of proclaiming the truth at every turn, and which makes any really consistent action on the part of her Bishops as Catholic Prelates—and they will not deny that they profess to be such—to be at the present moment almost impossible.

An English Bishop could only act really consistently with that Catholic Faith and those Catholic principles which he professes to hold, by deliberately making up his mind from the outset of his episcopate—and no harder thing can be asked of any man—to take a course which he would know beforehand would scandalize and do harm to all sorts of good people whom he would most wish to win, and which would in all likelihood make his whole episcopate, during his lifetime at least, and until death had put its seal upon his work, a complete failure. At this price he would do a work of incalculable value, not merely to the Church of England, but to the whole of Christendom, but it would be at the price of a life of which every day was a martyrdom. “I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile,” would, *mutatis mutandis*, as once before in the history of the Church, sum up such an episcopate.

The personal difficulty is not, however, the only one which results from the existing state of things. It is possible to minimize the conflicting elements and the points of divergence within the Church of England; but minimize them as you will, make what allowance for them you like, recognize even, up to a certain point, their providential character, and the consequent duty of bearing with them, dealing tenderly with them, and of utilizing them in the interests of truth—it remains true that within the Church of England there are practically something very like *two* religions, and that it is only possible to tolerate a condition of things so contradictory of the nature and office of the Church on condition that nothing is done by the rulers of the Church to make the recovery of Catholic doctrine and practice more difficult, or to consolidate the position of those within the Church who, from a Catholic point of view, ought never

to have been allowed to occupy the position they now hold.

Once it is made clear that Catholic doctrine and practice are only to be tolerated, still more if it should appear that they are not to be tolerated, and that the compromises of the sixteenth century—the failure of which to retain the people of this country in the faith of their fathers is only too obvious, as witnessed by the spiritual state of the population and the developments of dissent—are to be enforced for all time, and that they are to be appealed to as decisive in every dispute as to doctrine or practice which may arise, and it will cease to be the object of any who put the Catholic religion in the first place to endeavor to maintain a state of things so little favorable to what they believe to be the truth or to the highest interests of the Church. In view of the past anything would be better than to have such a yoke riveted on our necks. Much may be borne which is admittedly only temporary and provisional, nobody distrusts heroic remedies more than I do; but some things are impossible, and among them are the surrender of what has been already won back from past neglect, and the acquiescence in a hard-and-fast line determined by the *ipsissima verba* of sixteenth and seventeenth century formularies interpreted and enforced with no regard to the teaching and practice of the whole Church and the peculiar and altogether exceptional circumstances of the entire history of the Church of England. Those formularies, as Mr. Keble insisted, interpreted by Catholic consent are one thing, interpreted merely by themselves quite another.

The Church exists to proclaim the Catholic religion and to bring all men into the obedience of the Faith. Consider what the attitude of Englishmen generally, and of the great mass of the population amongst the English-speak-

ing races, is towards the Catholic Faith, and what a lesson that attitude teaches. What on the Anglican theory is the purest portion of Christendom, with every advantage of wealth, position, and privilege, has proved absolutely incapable of retaining within its fold, not only the great masses of its population, but a very large proportion of those (I say nothing of the irreligious and the careless) who are really alive to their souls' needs and care for spiritual concerns. If one object of a Church is to bring men to the obedience of the Faith, why has the Church of England been so eminently unsuccessful? I should reply, amongst many and other obvious reasons, because she has been so little true to her own principles; because she has professed one thing and done another.

The result has been, instead of the system of the Prayer Book, the practical establishment of a respectable form of Christianity with very little power to attract, very helpless in those cases where help is most needed, claiming little authority, insisting upon no practice as of obligation, making no appeal to the imagination, owning little connection with the past, and generally ignoring those counsels of perfection and those heroic virtues which really attract souls and convert the world. Why—the connection of ideas is obvious—have the Roman Catholic body in England been able to build a Cathedral which rivals some of the greatest works of the ages of faith, while Liverpool Cathedral is still a dream? The answer to that question, if honestly given, is not one which suggests that the policy of such measures as the Liverpool Church Bill or the principles which inspire it are likely to be anything but an unmitigated misfortune to the Church of England.

What the needs of the Church of England require is a very different policy indeed. In the first place it

should be resolved to have no recourse to Parliament, not even to obtain the most needful reforms: they will not be obtained from Parliament, and it is dangerous to ask for them. Besides, a recourse to Parliament, constituted as it now is, admits a right which cannot be admitted. What right have Nonconformists, to say nothing of Jews and non-Christians, to discuss the internal affairs of the Church? These are matters which do not affect them. The Acts of Uniformity are dead. They were a tacit Concordat which is now broken by the State. Under such circumstances the Church reverts to her original and inherent liberty. She must organize herself under her own leaders, the Bishops; she must do for herself what her needs require. She must take what will not be given. If done wisely and prudently, there need be no insuperable difficulty in such action. Governments and Parliament will only be too glad to be rid of ecclesiastical affairs. In a word, what has to be done in this respect is to disentangle the existing relations of Church and State from their present confusion. Those relations are relics, and, in view of the deadlock which they produce, harmful relics, of a time and circumstances that have passed away. They were the result and expression of a general agreement in regard to religion. That agreement has ceased to exist: we must recognize the fact. We have also to admit that those who really hold Church principles are in a minority. In view of that fact our present relations with Parliament are only a source of weakness. A gradual process of disestablishment has, in fact, been going on for a long time. Everything that has been said and done in regard to Education is evidence of it. How can a Church be said in any real sense to be "established" when its Catechism is not allowed to be used in any State

school? We have to admit the fact, utilize it, make the best of it. We ask for no privilege, for no favor, but for equal treatment and for the protection of the right of all.

Such things as the King's Declaration, the restrictions on the offices of Lord Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland must be got rid of. If Jews may present to livings, why not Roman Catholic patrons? The right of institution inherent in the Episcopate is a complete security in both cases. It would be an advantage in many cases if the Heads of the Roman Church, the Heads of the Established Church in Scotland, and of the chief Dissenting bodies had seats in the House of Lords. Dr. Clifford's opposition to the Education Bill would probably have been conducted on different lines had he possessed a seat in that assembly. Should the House of Lords ever be reformed and strengthened, should the development and unification of the Empire lead to any changes in its constitution, as is not improbable, such admissions may perhaps be considered. For similar reasons the clergy should not be debarred from sitting in the House of Commons.

If there is occasion to proceed against such men as, *e.g.*, Mr. Beeby or the Dean of Ripon, they should be tried as the Bishop of Lincoln was tried, or even in a less formal manner. It would be quite enough in the case of such a man as Mr. Beeby, if he has indeed said what he is accused of saying, for his Diocesan to warn his parishioners against his teaching, and to authorize another priest to perform services in the parish in some temporary church till such time as it pleased God to remove Mr. Beeby elsewhere. It would be a scandal no doubt, but nothing like the scandal or the injury to the Church which indifference to such a doctrine as that of the Virgin Birth would be on the one side, or the

danger which a legal trial before Courts incompetent to try such cases would be on the other.

The twentieth century will not be as the nineteenth. We are on the eve of great changes. It is in more senses than one *la fin d'un siècle*. There is a movement of unrest and expectation on all sides. The foundations are being shaken everywhere; the state of Biblical criticism both at home and abroad is alone sufficient to prove this. There is a movement towards reunion at home and abroad which must in the end bear fruit. It will be a fatal mistake if the rulers of the Church despise it. They have to be brave about it: a price has to be paid, something has to be risked, for all things that are worth doing. There are defeats which are the necessary steps to victories, present failures which spell future success. It is not unlikely that the question of disestablishment may be brought forward at no very distant period. An accident might bring it within the range of practical politics. The present state of parties, much that has recently hap-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

pened, and the general current of opinion on such matters throughout the world make such a contingency probable, certainly possible. The difficulties which such a conflict must involve are such as to inspire the gravest anxiety. No one could wish to precipitate such a conflict. Few but would desire to avert it, but should it prove unavoidable, it is hardly possible to doubt that whatever the troubles and dangers, whatever the heartrending anxiety, which those who fight that battle will have to go through, its ultimate end and result, as things are, will be for the ultimate good of the Church.

It would in any case relieve the Church from a claim which is absolutely intolerable—the claim that those who do not belong to the Church shall determine her discipline, dictate her doctrine, and arrogate to themselves the rights which belong only to the Divine Head of the Church and to those He has invested with His authority and empowered to rule in His name.

Halifax.

THE BETHEL STONE.

CHAPTER I.

One Sunday morning Mr. Julian Danvers stood in the bay-window of the parlor of the "Plume of Feathers," and looked down the steep, winding main street of Langissack. He was lodging at the inn—its solitary guest; for the place, though picturesquely situated, has few visitors. Sometimes a belated commercial traveller will spend a night there; and occasionally an artist, reluctant to leave, will stay a month.

On week-days the little town wakes

early and noisily enough, with a clatter of feet on its rough cobble-paved ways, the rattle of jolting carts, the greeting of men in from the night's fishing, and the salutations hurled from open doors across the street by shrill-voiced women; but a befitting calm sits upon the place on Sunday, when Langissack hangs up its sea-boots and anoints its head with oil.

If the street were reasonably straight the inn would command a view of beach and bay; but Langissack is locally admitted to be as crooked as a corkscrew; nevertheless Danvers as he

smoked his pipe was contented with the limited prospect, and resolved to make a sketch of it before he departed; for the houses are oddly picturesque, and the hill dips so suddenly that thresholds are on a level with neighboring roofs.

A stickler for hygiene gazing on Langissack might cry aloud with the Psalmist, "Down with it! down with it, even to the ground!" But artists love the place, and condone the redolence of its gutters for the sake of its quaint gables and weather-scarred walls and eaves of lichenized thatch; even the terrible cobble-stones, that bruise the toes of the uninitiated pedestrian and provoke the anathema of the stranger, have found their apologist in an enthusiastic sojourner who insisted that they picturesquely broke the foreground and would be distinctly valuable in an etching.

Danvers strolled up the quiet street, odorous in places with the frying of fish and rhythmic with the potato-chopper. Everywhere there was filmy sunshine and the promise of a cloudless day. There was nobody astir but a few gaily-dressed children, prematurely despatched to the Sunday-school by emulative mothers.

Presently there clattered up the acclivity a troop of boys carrying chairs, and Danvers watched them pass with considerable curiosity. Soon a wagon came along, heaped with forms and benches. Then came another contingent with chairs—wooden-seated chairs, cane-bottomed chairs, chairs of all sorts and conditions, some of the kitchen variety so delightfully antique that he was tempted there and then to make a bid for them. The queer procession reached its climax in a donkey-cart laden with a harmonium and a pile of books.

His interest keenly aroused, Danvers walked back to the inn and called to the landlord:

"Mr. Bolitho, what's up this morning?"

Bolitho came to the door, a voluble old man, jovial and rotund, with a face like a russet apple.

"Why, 'tis quarry-praichin' to-day, sir; they'm whitewashin' the chapel, and the praichin' 's to be in the quarry. 'Twas a reg'lar institootion, backalong, quarry-praichin'; but, like other old things, 'tis grawin' out o' fashion. 'Tis said that Jan Wesley praiched wance in Langissack quarry, and they can shaw 'e the very granite stone he stood 'pon; an' when 'tis a quarry-meetin' the praicher always stands 'pon Jan Wesley's stone."

Danvers seated himself in the porch and refilled his pipe, while Bolitho rattled on.

"Iss, I've heard some famous quarry-praichers in my young days. There was Jerry Trebartha, a remarkable chap, sure 'nough; you could hear the voice of 'en in two parishes to wance. An' there was old Will Peniddick—"Whosoever Will" they called 'en, an' a delighted in the name—a quleter man, but mighty convincin'. When Peniddick praiched there wed'n be no sort of iniquity stirrin' in the place for more'n a week. Nowadays, sir, seemin' to me, they'm a tamer lot; there ed'n a man among 'em that can blow the trumpet in Zion like the men that be passed away. They mane well, I b'lieve; but there ed'n the old heloquence."

Half an hour later, finding Mr. Danvers still smoking in the porch, Bolitho asked,—

"Was 'e thinkin' o' walkin' up to the old church this mornin', sir? Because I warn 'e there weant be a sawl there, onless 'tis a few old women for the ninepenny doles. The folks be quarry-mazed. The Independents an' the Particulars might so well keep the doors locked for all the worshippers they'll get; an' as for the Brethren an'

the Seekers After, they'm all gwain to the quarry in a company."

"You seem to have a good many sects for so small a town," said Danvers, with a smile.

"Iss, sir," replied Bolitho sadly. "I b'lieve ther's so many soorts o' religion in Langissack parish as there is soorts o' fish in Langissack Bay. Some folks like a choice; but for my awn part, sir, I'm no runner after new things. I like to putt my feet where other men have putt their feet before me."

Bolitho, in his local pride, was anxious that his guest should not miss the meeting, which is accounted a great event. The young fellow had come to Langissack avowedly for a week's sketching; but what were the rocks and cliffs and caverns compared with the supreme interest of the quarry-preaching?

A gray, eager-faced man passed along the street.

"There goes Doctor Trewarne," cried the landlord. "He's organist o' Truro. I reckon he's come to hear the singin'."

"Singing?"

"Iss, fay! there's brave singin' to a quarry-meetin'; an' there's a hecho there—a double hecho—'tis reckoned the finest in Cornwall; an' when they hundreds o' folks do rise all to wance an' sing number nine-nine-wan, trumpet-metre, an' the hecho answereth, the power an' the glawry o' it wed stir the sawl o' a Devonshire horse-daller. If you'm minded to go, sir, an' you'm partial to singin', 'twill do 'e good; for 'ted'n ordinary singin' that tickleth the ears, but 'tis singin' that shaketh the inards o' a man so's 'tis no mortal odds to 'en how much a droppeth in the collection."

These persuasions prevailed, and an hour later Danvers found himself in the wake of the Langissack folk, walking quarrywards. The way lay through Brimble Lane, a tunnel of foliage scooped deep by centuries of traffic,

with high hedges that harbored an infinite variety of vegetation, from dank mosses to clambering dog-roses.

"Fine praichin' weather, sir," said old Roskriggin the thatcher, hobbling slowly because of his rheumatism.

"It is indeed," answered Danvers pleasantly.

"What I do call a 'eavenly mornin'," added the old fellow; and Danvers felt the appropriateness of the adjective. It was a delightful pilgrimage; the route was lined with battalions of foxgloves, and everywhere there was the scent of scattered hay. Gradually the road became steeper, till from the deep shade of the lane he emerged into the open sunshine, and felt in his face the fresher breath of the moorland; then, following the grass-grown wagon-track, he came to the quarry.

The old granite-quarry of Langissack has not been worked for many years. The grasses and mosses have crept over its abandoned terraces, and in the clefts grow bramble and whortle and heather.

When Danvers reached the place the service had already begun. The bed and slopes of the quarry were strewn with a great company, and detachments of the congregation lined the terraces. The stretch of moorland was dotted with the carts and tethered horses of those who had driven from distant villages and farms. Most of the people were seated, for a seat at a quarry-meeting is a *sine qua non* of Langissack respectability. The eminences were occupied by such adventurous hobbledehoyes as considered a precarious perch an aid to devotion, and rows of pendent lags made a restless fringe on the ledges of rock.

Danvers seated himself on a boulder at the skirts of the meeting, and watched the strange scene. Standing on the traditional stone of John Wesley, a tall black-bearded Boanerges was reading and expounding; but the words.

of the man were lost in the reverberations. A hymn was given out, the inadequate harmonium droned the air, and with a great stir and flutter the multitude rose to its feet. Hitherto Danvers had looked on with somewhat languid interest, but his pulse quickened at the first burst of singing; by some wonder of acoustics the hundreds of voices sounded like tens of thousands. The tune was "Ascalon," a favorite at quarry-meetings, selected probably on account of the opportunity it gives to the famous echo. It was sung vehemently, as becomes the militant air, each verse culminating in a staccato climax that was almost a shout; then amid breathless listening the great hewn concave flung back the tumult, and a vaguer repetition came from the amphitheatre of hills beyond. There were old people there who could count such gatherings by the score; but even these listened for the echo with the eagerness of children, and smiled with the wonder of children at the un-falling miracle. It may be that to some it bore something of supernatural response.

As for Julian Danvers, he was strangely moved; there was a vigor in the voices of these Cornish folk that thrilled him; and as the great hymn thundered along its course the multitude swayed to the rhythm, and the singing became more and more charged with the fervor of the Celt.

An open hymn-book, passed by many hands, reached him where he stood; for the presence of the bookless stranger had been courteously noticed. But he had no eyes for words or notes; the scene and the music held him spell-bound.

Then a flash of inspiration fell upon Julian Danvers. Here was the great subject he had been waiting for, the theme of the great picture that was to make him famous: *The Quarry-Peaching!*

When he had done for the *Graphic* his full-page drawing of the fishing riot at Penzance, John Hillier of Newlyn had said, "That fellow Danvers will be doing something great some day; he knows how to handle masses, and can tackle a crowd with the best man living. Mark me, Danvers will be doing big things in a big way. Since that day he had dreamed of fulfilling the prophecy of Hillier; but his ambition had taken no definite shape, and he had continued the production of those charming little pictures of fishing life which he painted and sold with an equal facility.

Yes, here at last was his opportunity. His eyes drank eagerly in the details of the scene: the many-colored multitude, the women gay with rural finery, the blue-smocked fishermen, the impressive background of gray granite, and beyond the varied greens and purples of the hillside. The picture was full of color and life, the motive was novel and interesting, and it gave him ample scope for his rare gift of composition. Instinctively his fingers sought a pencil to roughly sketch the groupings of the people, and to make such brief notes as would afterwards aid his memory. Alas! he had not a scrap of paper about him, not even an envelope.

Then in his emergency he did a wicked thing: he filled the blank leaves at the end of the borrowed hymn-book with rapid pencillings, incoherent notes in pictorial shorthand.

Meanwhile there was a long exhortation, mainly inaudible, and more sonorous hymns, notably the famous "trumpet-metre" of Bolitho's predilection, in which Dan Jago, first cornet of the Langissack town band, blew a series of astonishing blasts. Then, while the ubiquitous stewards gathered in the tribute of silver and copper, a tall, white-robed girl, standing on a ledge of rock by the harmonium, sang

alone, and sang divinely, "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing!"

Danvers thought he had never heard anything so glorious. The woman's clear voice went up in the great space like the voice of a lark; it seemed a thing of the sunshine. He listened entranced; the thunders of the hymns had not stirred him like this girl's singing.

When all was over, with a rush of remorse he realized the depth of his iniquity in sketching in a stranger's hymn-book: it was impertinent; it was indefensible. All he could do was to seek the owner and express his contrition.

"Can you tell me to whom this book belongs?" he asked one of the crowd as the congregation was surging out of the quarry.

"I b'lieve 'tis Miss Trethewey's book," said the man; "she's sittin' 'mong the choir." Then, looking in the front of the book, Danvers read the inscription: "Zillah Trethewey. 1893. *'Unto Thee will I sing with my whole heart.'*"

He made his way to the centre of the throng, which was now rapidly dissolving, and inquiring for Miss Trethewey, was directed to a tall girl in a dress of white muslin—none other than the singer who had so enchanted him.

"I am very sorry," began Danvers, standing hat in hand before the girl; "I'm afraid I have taken an unpardonable liberty. I am something of an artist, and was so impressed with the strange scene of the gathering that I was seized with a desire to make a sketch of it; and in the impulse of the moment I used the blank-leaves at the end of the book you so kindly passed me. It was an abuse of your goodness, and I can only plead the temptation of an artist to carry away some impression of your beautiful service."

The girl took the book and looked at the offending scribblings, expecting to

find, perhaps, some intelligible sketch; but the rough pencillings conveyed nothing to her; so, with a smile, she said, "You're welcome to the leaves, sir, if they're of any use to you;" and she tore away the pages, and passed them to the artist.

She was beautiful. Danvers thought her the handsomest girl he had ever seen. Tall she was, and finely built; there was steady frankness in her brown eyes, and splendid health in her face; and the wind had freed little waves of her brown hair from the bondage of coils, which gave her an air of exuberant loveliness.

"Thank you," said he, pocketing the leaves: "these little notes are of no value to anybody but the perpetrator; but I shall find them of great service."

She smiled again—a smile of complete forgiveness; and there was, perhaps, a gleam of amusement in her brown eyes.

It was a morning of emotions for Julian Danvers; and when he returned through Brimble Lane there was a smile of "Eureka!" upon his face, for he had struck the subject of the picture that would bring him fame; moreover, he had heard some marvellous singing, and looked upon the loveliest face in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning, Danvers, carrying his sketching equipment, climbed the flight of eighty-seven granite steps, known as Jacob's Ladder, that leads from the High Street of Langissack abruptly to the cliffs.

He had said to his landlord, "I must make good use of this glorious weather." And Bollitho replied, "Iss, fay; for we do get more'n our share o' wet in these parts. When the windows o' heaven be a bit open other places, in Langissack they'm clean out o' their sashes."

At the top of Jacob's Ladder are the allotment gardens, and beyond is a wind-swept, grassy tableland much used for the spreading of nets and drying of linen. Danvers rested a minute at the top of the Ladder, and looked down on the curious little Cornish town—strangely huddled in some parts, strangely straggling in others—over which the blue smoke hung languorously in the sunshine. On the heights there was a fresh breeze, and the festoons of linen flapped and bellied in the wind.

The morning fitted his mood, for he was in an ecstasy of inspiration. Already he had settled in his mind the main features of his picture. His fancy ran away with him, and he saw in imagination the painting finished, framed, and honorably hung in the Academy, bringing him fame and fortune.

A white thing, like a huge butterfly, fluttered past him in the breeze, and he heard behind him the screams and laughter of women; and, looking back, he saw a girl running in pursuit of the fugitive linen. She had almost captured it when the malicious wind lifted it to a farther flight, and it seemed likely that the garment would be swept out to sea. Dropping his easel, Danvers joined the chase, and arrested the truant at the very edge of the cliff. When the panting girl approached and gasped her thanks, taking the garment from his hand with a modest air of embarrassment, he saw to his joy that it was his acquaintance of yesterday, Zillah Trethewey, the girl of the hymn-book who had so gloriously aspired for a thousand tongues. She was flushed and breathless, and looked lovelier than ever in her dress of workaday print.

When Danvers regained his easel he asked politely, "Can you tell me by what path I can reach the quarry by the cliffs?"

"I will show 'e the path, sir," an-

swered the girl, addressing the stranger with the frankness of the peasant. Then, as they drew nearer the women and the lines of linen, she called, "Agatha! I'll be back soon. I'm showing the gentleman the quarry-path over Braddock."

Agatha smiled; she held four clothes-pegs between her teeth, and the smile was consequently expansive. "Seemin' to me," said the woman to herself, "what wi' Sunday praichin' an' week-day goings-on, the old quarry's gettin' 'most so busy as 'twas when they digged the stone there."

As Danvers and the girl walked together over the cliffs there came on the wind the shrill reproach of Agatha: "'Tis a merracle thee hasn't lawst thy best broidered"—But the tail of the sentence was blown away to sea.

The artist stole many appreciative glances at his companion, though the prospect might well have claimed his undivided admiration. Northward there were upland farms and tracts of heathery moor; and to the south a glorious stretch of sea graduated in color from an immediate green to a distant ultramarine; there were brown-sailed fishing-boats in the bay, and the heavy smoke of a far steamer smirched a league of the horizon.

"Are you going to sketch the quarry, sir?" asked the girl.

"Yes; in fact, I've a larger project in my mind. I was so impressed with the scene of your quarry-service yesterday that I hope to make a big picture of it. I may have to claim the kindness of the good folks of Langissack, for I would like to introduce into the painting some of the real people of the place, and shall want many models."

"I'm sure everybody will be delighted," cried the girl. "My father is chapel-steward—Mr. John Trethewey, up to the tannery; and if you will come to see him, he will be delighted to hear about the picture."

"And yourself, Miss Trethewey? May I hope to include you in my picture?"

She flushed with evident pleasure, and said demurely, "Yes, I reckon I would like to be there—with the rest."

The path led over Braddock Moor, and they left the shining sea behind them. Zillah Trethewey was conscious of a tall figure following them at a distance; and a smile played about her mouth, and there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

They passed the old British encampment—the site, perhaps of grim fights in prehistoric times: the scene, certainly, of the less sanguinary battles of differing antiquaries; then the path grew very steep, and the quarry lay at their feet like a broken cup. They stood for a minute at the rim of the cup, and Danvers, pointing to a rude stone structure half-way down the slope, asked, "What is that building?"

"'Tis the old quarry-house," said the girl, where they kept the tools and the blasting-powder."

"And that curious stone?" he continued, indicating a strange, egg-shaped mass of granite that stood nearer.

"'Tis the Bethel Stone," answered she; "it first stood here where we stand; but once when they were blasting the rock it fell over into the quarry. 'Tis balanced like a logan-stone, and a strong man can budge it. Folks say the Druids first set 'en up; but 'twas named the Bethel Stone in the old preaching days, for many sawls were brought to conviction at the quarry-meetings."

They scrambled down, and Danvers curiously examined the ancient stone, patched with yellow lichen and seamed and scarred with the storms of ages. He set his shoulder against it to test its movability; but he could not disturb the gravity of the great mass. Zillah Trethewey watched the attempt with a smile, and said with something of

derision, "It takes a strong man to shift it; 'tis beyond 'e."

Looking up, she saw against the sky at the rim of the quarry a tall man pacing to and fro, and occasionally looking down at them. She fluttered her handkerchief, and the man stopped; she beckoned him, and he stood hesitating at the brink; then she made a trumpet of her hands, and screamed, "Da—vid!"

"'Tis David Pentreath," she explained as the man approached; and Danvers perceived that he was a veritable giant in stature and finely formed. The artist's eye was quick to note the singular beauty of the man's face, clean-shaven, dark, with passionate eyes. His dress indicated the fisherman; yet there was a certain air of distinction about him, and he looked like a gentleman masquerading in coarse garments.

"David," said the girl, "this gentleman would like to see you move the Bethel Stone."

The great fellow placed his two hands against the rock, seemingly without much effort, and the mass of granite distinctly oscillated.

"You must be enormously strong, my friend!" cried Danvers. The girl cast a proprietary glance at David, and smiled proudly as though she herself had moved the stone.

They descended to the bed of the quarry, and Danvers pitched his easel near the spot where he had witnessed the service.

"Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?" asked David; but the girl lingered while the painter unpacked his sketch-box.

"Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?" he repeated impatiently. She did not answer; she seemed fascinated by the display of tubes and brushes.

A flush crept over the olive face of David Pentreath; and, turning on his heel, he strode angrily away. Once he

looked back, and saw the painter already busy with his sketch, and Zillah Trethewey watching the work over the man's shoulder.

Then Pentreath remembered that he had some business with Bolitho at the "Plume of Feathers," and walked rapidly into Langissack.

When the steamer *Magellan* was lost on the Mullet Ridge off Langissack in the memorable storm of November 1873, among other wreckage flung ashore was an immense section of Californian timber—intended, it was thought, for some botanical museum, so large was its girth of bark—which lay upon the beach above high-water-mark for several weeks, till Bolitho conceived the idea of hauling it home and making a big outdoor bench of it. He fixed it at the back of the inn by the skittle-alley; and on fine days the men would use this great table for their mugs and glasses. Its expanse of surface irresistibly invited the pocket-knives of the diligent, and the table was soon scored with names and initials till in time it was covered; and a newer generation, for lack of space, impiously cut deep through the letters and emblems of their elders, and the table was a carven palimpsest.

David Pentreath was seated at this bench, discussing with Bolitho the freightage of some barrels to Porthillan, when he abruptly paused in his bargaining, and striking the wood fiercely with his fist, asked, "What fool hath been carving thy table?"

The landlord looked up in amazement, and said, "'Tis purty late in the day to putt that question, considerin' that every man-jack in the town hath scored 'en these eighteen years. What fool hath abeen carvin'! He! he! he! What fool hathn't?"

But the gaze of Pentreath was angrily riveted on some newly-cut letters,

littered with fresh chips; and the letters spelt "Zillah."

"Dicky Pascoe was in this mornin'," said Bolitho. "I reckon that's his handiwork."

Oblivious of the half-settled question of the freight, Pentreath abruptly left the astonished landlord, and scoured the town in search of Pascoe. He found the culprit upon the beach, busy with a can of white paint on the stern of an old boat.

Dicky Pascoe was a little fat man of thirty or thereabout; his red face was round as an infant's, and his trousers and guernsey fitted him with a skin-like tightness; the curves of him were cherubic. It was as though Cupid had grown up and become fisherman.

"Dick Pascoe, I want a word with 'e!" cried Pentreath savagely.

"Wan minute!" answered the little man. "I'm a-titvat' the old girl; I got a bit ashamed o' her." The name *Susanna* gleamed in wet paint upon the stern, and Pascoe was retouching the half-obliterated flourishes that flanked the letters. "When I've finished this twiddle I'll attend to 'e."

Pentreath gave the boat a mighty kick that moved her two points upon the sand. "I'll teach 'e to carve letters on tavern-benches!"

"Carve letters! Bless my saw! who made 'e lord and maister o' the alphabet?"

"What business hadst 'e to score the name o' Zillah at the 'Feathers'?"

"Business? No business; 'twas a pleasure; 'tes the purty name o' a purty maid, an' 'tes a brave, purty bit o' carvin'. Did 'e notice the hangles o' the Z?"

"I'll knock the bones out o' 'e for that job!" cried David, advancing.

The little man rolled up the sleeves of his guernsey over his plump arms; and, assuming an attitude of defence, he confronted the aggressor.

The absurdity of the situation was too much for Pentreath; he relaxed his

clenched fist, and said, "Darn 'e, Pascoe! you'm too small to smite!"

Pascoe beamed. "For the matter o' that, Dave Pentreath, there's two sorts o' smallness: there's littleness o' body an' littleness o' mind; an' for all the length an' width o' 'e, you'm a bit narra-minded. As for the carvin', there's no harm in it—'twas just a passin' fancy. If you reckon the maid's yours I'll apologize; if she ed'n, I wont."

Pentreath turned away, and was walking across the beach when Dicky ran up beside him. "We won't quarrel, Dave; you an' me ha' knawed wan another too long for that."

David did not answer, but walked on with vast strides, so that the other had to break into a little trot to keep pace with him.

"Tell 'e what, Dave," said the little fellow; "you'm a bit too sober-minded for the women. 'Tis no good to go courtin' with a frown so black's a tar-brush. You must tickle the fancy o' 'em; you must coax 'em, Dave, an' you must flatter 'em; for they all do dearly love a I'll sawft word, even if 'tes a bit o' a lie. I do know what I'm tellin' 'e, for I've courted scores o' maidens in my day: I was always a worshipper o' the women. Bless thy saw! I make rhymes to 'em; not book rhymes, but fitty rhymes out o' my awn head—all hextempor', like a super's sermon. There's Jago's maid, up to Penidden. 'Twas only yesterday I said to her, 'Dinah, my beauty, I be terrible fond o' 'e!' 'Since when?' asked the maid, knawin' I'm a bit o' a wanderer. 'Since the mornin',' says I; 'for love's like

fish, my dear: the fresher the better.' 'An' how long will it last?' saith the maid. An' what do 'e think I answered? The words flashed into my mind so quick's lightnin':

'Till the hills be flat,
An' the moon falls scat.'

There's a rhyme for 'e, Dave; there's inspiration for 'e. Aw, iss! I was always a terrible worshipper o' the women. So long, Dave!" And the chubby Lothario went back to his boat and his paint-pot.

That night, as was his solitary habit, Pentreath paced the deserted quay of Langissack, smoking his last pipe. It was notably clear, and the sky was aglitter with stars; but David had no regard for the firmament; his gaze was towards the constellation of lights that sprinkled the upper region of the town, and focussed on one faint, luminous square—a white window-blind, dimly irradiated by a candle; and when the square was suddenly blotted out, indicating that Zillah Trethewey had gone to bed, David knocked out the ashes of his pipe and heaved a mighty sigh. There ran through his brain the absurd jingle of Pascoe:

Till the hills be flat,
An' the moon falls scat!

The big fellow half-wished that he was nimble of thought and speech, and a master of such trivialities of wooing.

But cannons are not loaded with rabbit-shot.

James Patey.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The return of Mr. Chamberlain from South Africa is an event of Imperial interest. Even if he had done no more than see with his own eyes the vast country which it is his business to administer, the journey would not have been taken in vain. For the journey symbolizes once and for always a new pride in our colonial possessions, a new view of our colonial responsibilities. The days in which the Colonies were thrown with War under the control of one Minister, just as Divorce and the Admiralty are flung together in one court, are gone for ever. To-day we all recognize that our relations with our colonies are of greater import than our relations with the continent of Europe, and Mr. Chamberlain, by traversing the weary length of our possessions in South Africa, has given a practical proof of our awakened interest. He is the first Colonial Minister to set foot in a British colony, and his enterprise is a good augury of solid friendship and sound understanding.

That Mr. Chamberlain's achievement is generally recognized is proved by the fact that he has returned to a popularity such as few modern statesmen have enjoyed. He is not worshipped in that spirit of blind surrender which inspired the devotees of Mr. Gladstone. He has not those qualities, commonly called "magnetic," which mischievously deceive the people. Though he once said that the world was ruled by sentiment, he is himself the least sentimental of men or rulers. His popularity, moreover, cannot be explained by any tricks of voice or expression. He does not employ his oratorical gifts to befog or bamboozle his hearers. His speech is neither indefinite nor ornate. In other words, he does not pose before the people as a rhetorician, nor puzzle his fellows by the artifices of

the *cabotin*. Were it not for the tiresome advertisement of his orchid, we might conclude that he was not so much a human being as a political machine. Yet of his influence there can be no doubt, and strange though it seem, he is clearly respected for his statesmanlike qualities and his intrepid courage.

Above all, he is a fighter. "I would sooner have the hatred of any man than his contempt," said he some years since, and he has never stayed to conciliate his opponents. That, we imagine, gives him the firmest hold upon his compatriots, who, deeply as they love a trite sentiment, by a strange perversity love a hard blow almost as well. Now, his best speeches have always been a series of blows, well aimed and quickly delivered, and they have naturally stirred the blood of Englishmen, who have not yet forgotten the glories of the prize-ring. When Mr. Chamberlain replied to Count von Bülow with the arrogant phrase, "What I have said, I have said," there was no man outside the ranks of the pro-Boers who did not feel that he had participated in an act of personal revenge. And while Mr. Chamberlain knows how to hit himself, he can take his punishment like the bruiser that he is. During the last four years he has been assailed throughout Europe and America with unexampled acrimony, but he has never withdrawn from the attack, nor shown the smallest discomfort. His enemies object, with a certain truth, that he lacks discretion. He does not always remember the canons of diplomatic courtesy. He has offended France and outraged Russia by a notorious reference to a long spoon, and there are many countries in which he is still used as a bogey to frighten refractory children withal. But why should he

show courtesy to those who long ago exhausted a rich vocabulary in his abuse? Why should he give quarter who asks none? Again, the fighting attitude is intelligible and approved, and so long as his fighting blood is up, so long will Mr. Chamberlain appeal to the intellect, and even to the heart, of Englishmen.

From this it follows that Mr. Chamberlain is rather a practical statesman than a political philosopher. He would rather administer than think. If there is a battle to fight, or conflicting interests to conciliate, he is ready for the task; but he is not very clever at theorizing about it, or at holding fast to a first principle. In brief, he knows not the meaning of pedantry, and so little does he esteem consistency, that there are very few opinions which at one time or another he has not held. And for this his superficial opponents, with a pitiful lack of humor, have taken him gravely to task. They have quoted old speeches to confute the new ones; they have proved their ingenuity in parallel columns, and they might as well have sown the wind or counted the sands. Mr. Chamberlain is esteemed not for what he has said, but for what he has done, and it is immaterial if the opportunist of 1903 was once a Republican, if the Radical of 1870 is to-day the most eloquent champion of the Constitution. For there is nothing which the practical man so easily outgrows as the vain theories of youth, and it must be remembered in Mr. Chamberlain's favor that he was not precocious. He made his first entry into politics at forty, and though he had waited long for his chance, he used it so well that in four years he was a Cabinet Minister. Nor did he at once shake off the weight of municipal theories. In 1886 this fighting Minister, who has controlled the greatest war we have witnessed for eighty years, declined the position of First

Lord of the Admiralty, "because he thought it was hardly congenial or consistent with a Radical's position that he should occupy the headship of one of the great spending and fighting offices of the State." But many things have happened since 1886, and Mr. Chamberlain is now ready, if need be, to spend and fight with the best of them.

But, Radical though he was, and perhaps is, Mr. Chamberlain was always eager for the honor of England and the unity of the Empire. If he erred twenty years ago in the government of South Africa, he erred by acquiescence, and because, like the rest, he was hypnotized by Mr. Gladstone. And to-day he has made so magnificent an amend, that we are glad to forget the past and to mark the history of this year with a white stone. But while his fellow-countrymen admire Mr. Chamberlain for his pluck, there is one other quality in him which wins him an increased and a deserved popularity. He is frankly truthful. When he left England for South Africa he warned us not to expect from his mission more than it was possible for him to accomplish. He would raise no false hopes, he would flatter by no vain words. And he comes back to England with the same simple words upon his tongue. He begs his enthusiastic compatriots, "in their generous appreciation, not to overrate the results which have been achieved." Nor is this directness of speech reserved for great occasions. Throughout his journey in Africa he spoke plainly to all classes and to every race. He spared no one, he managed nobody. He told Dutch and English of their faults with the same candor; and we imagine that those who listened to him in the Raadzaal at Pretoria, to give but one instance, will never forget either the tone or the substance of his speech. He not only knew his mind—he could make

others know it; and in the strong self-confidence of Mr. Chamberlain the falsehood and tergiversation of Majuba, of which crime he too was *particeps*, were easily forgotten.

"I have come here in a spirit of conciliation," said he, "but also in a spirit of firmness," and in that spirit he journeyed through Africa, in that spirit he has returned to London. That he has allayed all suspicion, that he has smoothed away all difficulties, no sane man supposes; but at least he has familiarized himself with the problems which disturb the peace of Africa, and he is more resolute than ever to make an end of them. As we should expect, he approaches the question like the practical statesman that he is. He points out that the Briton abroad retains after many years a pride in the mother country. The Dutch in Africa can appeal to no such sentiment. They

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know no mother country, save the province in which they were born. What should they know of an Empire, whose experience is too often limited by a neighbor's farm? But it is Mr. Chamberlain's hope that "this provincial feeling will give way before a wider conception of national destiny, and that our Dutch fellow-subjects will share with us our sense of responsibility and our pride in possession." This eloquent hope is raised high above the bickerings of party or the foolish outcry of envious adversaries, and the enthusiastic welcome which England gave to Mr. Chamberlain proves that his hope is shared by his countrymen. But the work is only just begun, and we look to Mr. Chamberlain not only to complete it, but to restore to his bewildered colleagues their own confidence and the confidence of the nation.

THE KAISER'S LETTER ON CHRIST AND REVELATION.*

The Kaiser has spoken out for the purpose of clearly defining his position in a historic-theological controversy. That is to some extent a new departure, but if one takes the circumstances into consideration His Majesty's resolve is intelligible enough. For in numerous circles the opinion might be, and as a matter of fact was, held, that the Emperor shares the theological view recently put forward by Prof. Delitzsch. Now the Kaiser was desirous of removing this misconception, and that is why he wrote the letter.

Strictly speaking, indeed, there was no controversy at all, so far as Science was concerned. The fact that it was

from Babylon that some of the myths and legends of the Old Testament, together with other important elements of ancient Israelitic culture, emanated has long since been a matter of common knowledge. That this fact is a potent solvent of the current view of the inspiration of the Old Testament, was equally well established, and in order to refute that belief it was quite unnecessary to appeal to Babylon: a hundred other considerations had long since uprooted it.

But this knowledge had not become common property. No blame for this, however, attaches to the theologians. They had indeed done their duty in books, pamphlets and lectures. Thus our German literature, for instance,

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possesses an admirable work in Wellhausen's "History of Israel," which, classical alike in contents and style, addresses itself to every man of education.

Besides this work, there are also half-a-dozen other excellent books, each of which conveniently gives a thorough insight into Old Testament literature and history. But Church and School in league together have suppressed this knowledge, banishing it from their respective domains. And yet it must be admitted that they are not alone to blame. Indolence and fear have seconded their efforts.

Now it is one merit of Prof. Delitzsch's lectures that what was hitherto but a dying whisper is now being shouted out from the house-tops! "Merit" is perhaps scarcely the right term: the force lay rather in the circumstances. But we need not here set ourselves to weigh merits; let us gratefully welcome the fact that Delitzsch has inculcated upon extensive circles a more correct view of the Old Testament.

But has he indeed done that? A grave error he has undoubtedly dispelled—the error that all the sources of the Old Testament are wholly original. But of how little value are the sources in the history of religion and of the human intellect! If to-day someone were to step forward and announce to the public: "Gentlemen, I am about to clear your minds of a great error; hitherto you have been living in the belief that Goethe's *Faust* is an original work; as a matter of fact, however, it is a later and secondary production; for the whole substance of it was already contained in a popular book of the sixteenth century," how would this statement be received? People would simply laugh at him, and Delitzsch himself would be among the scoffers. True, it is quite certain that he has no wish to estimate the worth of the

Old Testament religion according to the degree of its dependence on, or independence of, Babylon: but to my mind he has not done enough to keep his hearers and readers from forming an erroneous impression. For what those very hearers and readers allow to Goethe without more ado they are far from conceding to the prophets and psalmists. Again: because up to the present moment a superhuman idea of the Old Testament has prevailed, it follows according to a well-known psychological law that now the pendulum of appreciation swings to the opposite extreme. And in truth in the very lanes and alleys one may overhear the statement that from the Old Testament there "is now nothing to be got."

It is just at this point that the imperial letter comes in: but in the meantime the opposition had become even more intense. In the course of a conversation the Kaiser gathered that Prof. Delitzsch did not share the Church's faith in the Godhead of Christ, and that among other grounds the study of the Old Testament had dispelled this belief. In face of this negative conviction the Emperor could not allow the least doubt to be entertained about his own positive one.

For the way in which he has compassed his end we have reason to be grateful to him. No doubt the rebuff administered to Delitzsch must inflict a certain degree of pain, and it cannot but irk him to be ruled out of the theological court into which the Kaiser himself is just entering. But that was not the object in view: what the Emperor is desirous of making clear is that Delitzsch's authority as an Assyriologist cannot avail to prop up his theological doctrines: and in that he is quite right. To the professor's convictions, however, he accords absolute freedom.

Absolute freedom!—it emanates from the words of the Kaiser with a refresh-

ing, an inspiring effect. There is no suspicion of authoritative decisions, the whole letter breathes the spirit of liberty. For the writer is alive to the fact that in matters so delicate and sacred there is no room for behests; and he further recognizes that theology cannot shirk these questions, but that they must be threshed out most thoroughly, with courage and freedom. He hands them over to theological science.

More fascinating still is the effect produced by the determination, the straightforwardness and the warmth with which the Kaiser takes up his position in the controversy. What he has written is his very own, comes from his heart. He sets it forth just as he thinks and feels it, and he has jotted it down like one who is giving an account of the matter to his own self, omitting none of the little tokens of his own feeling, of his own personal experience. He feels his soul is bound up in Christ, and he will not speak of religion without bearing witness to and praising Him.

The imperial document is thus meant to be a personal confession, and as such we must respect it. But it surely would not be in accordance with the idea of the royal author, were we to answer it by silence. In the evangelical Church the highest and most weighty questions are always open to discussion, and each generation must work out the answers anew for itself. Moreover, our spiritual life depends on stress and struggles, and is alive only in them. How then can we be silent when the deepest and most sacred questions come up before us in this form?

Heartily and gladly all evangelical Christians will endorse the final sentence of the Emperor's letter: "Religion has never been a product of science, but an outpouring of the heart and being of man, caused by his intercourse with God." Theology assents

to this proposition, for she knows very well that she but strives to meditate with awe upon data which she does not herself create.

Equally certain of general acceptance is the Kaiser's conviction that religion, too, has need of forms, in order that we may understand and teach it, but that these forms cannot be exempt from change. I hold that Prof. Delitzsch also attained the chief end he had in view by calling forth the admission that the customary forms of the scholastic tradition about the Old Testament sorely need a modification.

But it is especially in connection with two convictions uttered by His Majesty that queries and doubts will arise: with the theory of double revelation and the divinity of Christ. Both are closely bound together.

The word "revelation" brings the line of cleavage between belief and science in their relations to religion sharply into view. Science in the real sense cannot admit this conception; to her it is transcendental. On the other hand faith cannot allow itself to be deprived of revelation. But none the less a certain common ground has been reached in the course of the development. The evangelical faith of to-day—apart from the awe-inspiring contemplation of the universe—recognizes a revelation in persons only. The entire lower series of alleged revelations has been set aside. There are no revelations by means of things. And the imperial letter has taken this proposition for its starting point: God's revelations in his humanity are persons and more particularly persons of pre-eminence. Now in as much as for science also striking personalities represent a mystery in their individuality and force, the formula of agreement between faith and knowledge is, so far as is possible, restored. But that I and others should look upon these striking individualities as revelations of God is an act of inner

experience, which no science can call forth or forbid.

Yet on this common ground the imperial letter distinguishes between two kinds of revelation: one general and the other of a more religious character. And in this distinction there is great force; for it brings out in boldest relief the fact that there is no more weighty business for man than his relation towards God, and that on the nature of this relation everything depends. On the other hand, however, thoughtful people cannot possibly content themselves with the theory of two kinds of revelation running, so to say, parallel to each other; indeed, His Majesty's letter itself gave expression to this view by according to Abraham a place in both classes. There cannot consequently be two revelations—religion, moral force and knowledge being most closely interwoven—but only one, the bearers of which were and are in truth wholly different from each other in character, vocation and mission. If Jesus Christ loses nothing of His individuality and uniqueness when placed in a line with Moses, Isaiah and the Psalmists, neither does He lose aught by being ranged side by side with Socrates, Plato and the other personages named in the imperial document. The religious contemplation of history can in the last analysis be only one and indivisible—humanity, which God takes from the depths of nature, from error and from sin, redeems and adopts by raising it to the relation of sonship. This does not prejudice the contention that the history of God in Israel represents the specific line in olden times.

The Christian community is bound to repudiate every appreciation of Christ which effaces the difference between Him and the other teachers. He Himself, His disciples and the world's history have spoken so plainly that a doubt ought not to be possible; in His Word He still continues to speak just

as plainly to us as formerly to His disciples. But whether for all that the cast-iron formula "Godhead of Christ" is correct may, nay must, be questioned. He Himself did not use it, but chose other designations, and whether any one of His disciples ever uttered it is, to put it moderately, very doubtful. But even the ancient Church did not speak without qualification of the Godhead of Christ, but always of His Divinity and humanity. Thus even in the sense of the old dogma, "God-manhhood" is the only correct formula. In it the mystery is almost again restored which, in accordance with the will of Christ Himself, must ever enwrap this question. Of the fact that He is the Lord and Saviour He has made no secret; and that He is this His disciples were to learn and feel through His Word and work. But how His relation with His Father originated He kept to Himself and hid from us. Viewing it then in the light of my historical insight and perception, I should say that the formula "Man and God" (God-manhhood) is not wholly free from objection because it encroaches upon the domain of mystery into which no glimpse is vouchsafed us. Still this formula may stand, because in truth it claims to explain nothing, but serves only to shield the unusual from profanation, just as the expression "Son of God" does. The Pauline saying, "God was in Christ," seems to be the last word which we can venture to utter here, after having slowly and painfully freed ourselves from the delusion of ancient philosophers, that we can fathom the mysteries of God and nature, humanity and history.

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments;" "by this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another"—it is more important to ponder on these words and to order our lives in conformity with them than to seek to press the inscrutable

and venerable into formulas. And the time will come, is indeed at hand, when evangelical Christians will sincerely unite in acknowledging Jesus Christ as the Lord, and in resolving to carry out His teaching; and then our Catholic brethren must needs follow suit. The burden of a long history, bristling with misunderstandings and formulas—grown rigid like swords—the burden of tears and blood, weighs heavily on us, but in that history withal a

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sacred legacy is also bequeathed to us. Both seem to be bound inextricably together, but by degrees they are moving asunder even though the last fiat: "let there be" has not yet been uttered over this confusion. Straightforwardness and courage, veracity to oneself, freedom and charity are the levers which will raise the burden, and to the work of achieving this noble task the imperial letter is a contribution.

Adolf Harnack.

A LITERARY MAN.*

This biography of Robert Buchanan, diffuse in its very title, is written by his sister-in-law, who was also his adopted daughter. Trained (as she says) from her earliest years to look up to him with reverence as the embodiment of all the moral—and other—virtues, she is therefore the last person in the world to write his life in any true sense. She is at the same time well fitted to produce the usual domestic "great and good man" record. And being a novelist, she is also able to make her biography readable—for which we are thankful exceedingly. It is on the usual principle of letting the man "speak for himself," and is quite a capable piece of work in its kind, which we love not.

A Scot born in England of an English mother, and educated in Glasgow, Buchanan all his life fought fiercely for things he could not quite achieve—which he had it not in him quite to achieve.

He was a thinker—enough not to be quite a poet; a poet—enough to spoil his thinking. He was poor, and

had to struggle for a living; which is a very bad thing for a poet in days when no man can live by poetry. He was versatile enough to do many things for a living, but not versatile enough to do them quite well enough. He was almost great in several ways, and ate his heart out in the stormy effort for that little more. Full of energy, and sensitiveness, and impatience, and consciousness of powers which somehow did not work out to rounded issues, he struck all round him, made many enemies, gained few friends, and was not a contented or successful man. Perhaps, though a fighter, he was not altogether strong.

His father was an Ayrshire tailor, who, under the influence of Robert Owen, turned Socialist orator, journalist, reformer, and infidel; his mother, young, pretty, adored and adoring, the parent of his own quick emotions, was the daughter of a Midlands' lawyer, also a Socialist. He went first to a London school, where the master held peculiar (and seemingly economical) views on the diet of the young, which resulted in small Robert falling back on a supplementary diet of garden snails, and coming home chiefly bones.

* Robert Buchanan: Some account of his life, his life's work, and his literary friendships. By Harriet Jay. (Fisher Unwin.)

He removed to a French and German school kept by a Gallic gentleman, and his parents to a cottage at Norwood—where, among other social and Socialistic acquaintance, he had the society of Louis Blanc. Thence he passed to a small day-school at Glasgow, where his father edited the "Glasgow Sentinel," and soon prospered in the world. It was not a very happy position for poor young Robert. His schoolfellows practised the gospel of Christianity by warning one another: "Don't play with yon laddie, his father's an infidel!" Often he "prayed with all his soul that his father would mend his ways, go to church, and accept the social sanctities like other men." Nor did the poor little poet take kindly to the bare creed or negation of creed in which he was trained:—

"While my father was confidently preaching God's non-existence," says he, "I was praying to God in the language of the canonical books. I cannot even remember a time when I did not kneel by my bedside before going to sleep, and repeat the Lord's Prayer. So far away was I from any human sympathy in this foolish matter, that this praying of mine was ever done secretly, with a strong sense of shame and dread of discovery."

He was in after-life, of course, an Agnostic, with "a strong sense of natural religion"—which vague phrase you can interpret for yourself. Sent to a boarding-school at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, he began to develop all the characteristics of his after self. Worshipping his mother, he was bitterly homesick. He also fell in love. He was twelve, and she was nine; and they parted—never to meet again. "Again and again my youthful Juliet rushed into my arms," he writes, "again and again our tears mingled together." Naturally, being Robert Buchanan, he began to write verse, for the first time. He met a dazzling vision (let us hope

it was before the "youthful Juliet"); her name was Rebecca, and he rhymed it with deck her." Did not Tennyson write—

I wove a crown before her,
To show that I adore her,
For her I love the dearest,
A garland for Lenora—

or something like it? Let us excuse poor Robert at twelve. The spirit of revolt which was his throughout life came with those of love and poetry. "Were you that devil of a boy who was at school with my daughter at Rothesay?" wrote to him a gentleman some years later. He was. He made up his mind to get expelled (having first tried jumping off a steamer, coming home dripping, and saying he had fallen overboard) and he got expelled—perhaps the only time he got his desire.

So he passes ultimately to the Glasgow High School, and he makes friends with a "poet" on his father's staff, one Hugh Macdonald, who teaches him Scottish song. Macdonald also published the boy's first ballad in the "Glasgow Times"—perhaps the strongest argument against Macdonald being a poet. But "the very air was full of poetry. Why, in the adjacent town of Paisley alone the poets were to be counted by thousands. Macdonald knew them all." Great Phœbus! "It is more than likely that if you stopped a policeman on his beat in the streets of Glasgow, you would find that he was a poet, and that he knew his Shakespeare and even his Shelley, to say nothing of his Burns!" After which, it seems necessary to remind the reader that Miss Jay is a novelist.

But all this seems to explain, or help to explain, Buchanan's habitual lack of poetic completion, of severity with himself in what he wrote. He learned to associate poetry with too unexact a standard. There are hardly in the literature of the world a thousand poets.

Of higher import was it that he saw Vandenhoff in "King Lear," and for the first time grasped the greatness of the play, if not of Shakespeare (for his understanding of Shakespeare shows limitations, like most things concerned with him). The players themselves he came to know, and writes:—

Morals they had none to boast of; they tiptoed, they swaggered, they ran after petticoats and petticoats ran after them; but the spirit of the savage old literature ran in their veins like blood, and they had the fine qualities of their defects. Their very speech was archaic, their very oaths were reminiscent of Bardolph and Pistol . . . Among them, for a short period, drifted a young player of another nature, afterwards known to the world as Henry Irving. A quiet, studious young man, even then ambitious, but exhibiting little talent even as a "walking gentleman," I was much drawn to him by his thoughtful personality, so different to the wilder personalities of his companions, and I took him to my father's house and introduced him to my mother.

His father's sudden and complete failure made him risk the venture of throwing himself on London, whither his poetic ambitions drew him. With plenty of clothes but little in his pockets he reached Euston, to have his luggage impounded on account of a lost ticket. He had no friends, did not know where to go. Lying in Regent's Park, with tears in his eyes, he saw a youth looking at him; a close-cropped youth with a pugilistic aspect and a short clay:—

He reminded me instantly of . . . the Artful Dodger, and by that token he was quite as ragged and disreputable-looking. We got into conversation, and . . . hearing that I was without a home, he invited me to accompany him to his quarters in the neighborhood of Shoreditch . . . Late that afternoon I found myself in the east of London, in a sort of low lodging-house or thieves'

kitchen. It is all like a dream now, but I remember my new friend was very kind to me, and saved me from impolite attentions on the part of my companions. The whole place reminded me of *Oliver Twist*, and I fancy Fagin was there as well as my friend the Dodger, whose bed I shared that night, throwing myself full dressed upon it and sleeping like a top till morning. There were other beds in the wretched room, and other youths and men of my friend's persuasion, but no one molested me, and, what is more wonderful, no one robbed me of the small sum in my pocket. I rose up in the early dawn, and shook hands with my friend, who was half asleep. I never saw him again.

It is not "the cheese," as Buchanan might have been told, for one gentleman in misfortune to prey on another. The account shows some of the weaknesses which explain Buchanan's want of success. It is over-wordy in the original (he cannot say "rose" without adding "up"). He conveys no idea, gets no grip of the scene he visited; an alert writer would have seized it in a few strokes.

We have dwelt at some length with this early and preliminary period of Buchanan's life, because it shows his character in the making. What he was as boy and youth, he remained throughout. Whether success would have mitigated his character, one knows not. That first delusive success with his London poems must have made his comparative obscurity afterwards the harder to bear. His life becomes mainly a record of literary struggles, and largely the writing of "pot-bollers"; and in these pages has a very fragmentary appearance. It resolves itself into a series of papers by various hands on "Buchanan's this" and "Buchanan's that." The spirit of revolt was strong in him; and we fancy that, like Shelley, he would have made or found antagonisms however his life had run. Where

he did not quarrel with men, he held aloof from them. Proctor, the semi-poet, was kind to him in his first friendless days; but (despite Proctor's invitations) he kept "intending" to call on him again till the old man's death. He was poor, and pride held him back, suggests Miss Jay. We suspect pride had much to do with all his isolation. He was "no hero-worshipper," she says. We suspect he could not afford to hero-worship, while he felt himself dubiously one of the heroes. He offended Lewes by irreverence towards the divinity of George Elliot. Lewes kept her behind a curtain, and no one might approach till he drew it, says Buchanan. It tempted his irreverence. He was friendly with Browning; but they cooled to each other. Browning said that "White Rose and Red" was "a beautiful poem! a beautiful poem!" clasping his hand warmly. But later, when Lecky, at an Academy dinner, eulogized the "City of Dream," Browning murmured, "Of whom is he speak-

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ing? Of Buchanan, the writer of plays?" So insincerity is hinted—or a little more than hinted. They disagreed over Walt Whitman, whom Browning denounced "on moral grounds," yet after confessed he knew only from "garbled" extracts. (The phrase is Buchanan's.) Buchanan's enthusiasm for Browning also "lessened as the years wore on," he says—but does not suggest insincerity. It is a glimpse of the misfortune of temperament to which his isolation was due. Of noble impulses, ideals, and efforts, of energy resurgent against misfortune, of a warm heart centred on a few, we get glimpses, and plenteous declarations. But not from these fragmentary materials for a biography is it possible to form a coherent idea of Buchanan the man. On the whole, in his attitude towards life as towards religion, one conceives him an agnostic, dreaming of something unrealized, passionately striving towards it, and feeling himself benighted in the search.

SINGING-BIRD TIME.

Oh, bracken and brake, awake, awake!

Oh, blossoming world, arise!

Forget the time of the frost and rime,

And note the blue in the skies;

Each tender-green bough is budding now,

The day is no longer drear;

The winter is past and gone at last,

And singing-bird time is here!

Sweet baby showers are kissing the flowers;

Each frond of the scented fern

That nestles curled in the woodland world

Is watching for spring's return!

On lea and lawn there's an earlier dawn,

The lily wakes on the mere!

Good-bye, good-bye, grey earth, grey sky—

For singing-bird time is here!

Then wake, oh heart, from thy dreamful part,
 Bid sorrow and care adieu:
 There's music and mirth for the happy earth,
 And loving for me and you!
 Though parting and pain for a while may reign,
 The joy of the year is near,
 And the blossoming spring shall gladness bring,
 Now singing-bird time is here!

Clifton Bingham.

The Sketch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest announcement with reference to Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" is that it will be ready early in October, in three octavo volumes.

It is understood that George MacDonald, the venerable novelist, although in fairly good health, will make no more contributions to literature.

The Academy reports that Lucas Malet has nearly finished a new novel. She is about to go to India for the benefit of her health. She has refused, by the way, to have "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" dramatized.

The proposed memorial to the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore is to be placed in Exeter Cathedral, and is to take the form of a three-light stained glass window and a tablet. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Hall Caine are on the committee upon the memorial.

One of those people who are never weary in ferreting out minor inaccuracies in great authors, has discovered one in Thackeray. Among the presents which Amelia received when she married George Osborne was a gold watch presented by Captain Dobbin. Later Thackeray tells us that "Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though to do George

justice she might have had one for the asking."

Mr. Henry James's forthcoming biography of W. W. Story is to be enriched by reminiscences of many distinguished personages of the last century. Mr. Story enjoyed a wide acquaintance both among artists and men of letters, and these reminiscences will represent both classes. There are said to be some particularly vivid notes on Walter Savage Landor.

Of the late Dean Farrar as a classical scholar, "The London Telegraph" says:

He was remarkable for his vast reading, his philological acuteness and that perception of the inner grace and beauty of the great masters of Latin and Greek which many profound students, even such as Porson and Bentley themselves, may sometimes miss. The writer remembers a lecture of Maurice devoted for an hour and a half to a single verse of Horace; and Farrar, in the same fashion, could dig for ever round the roots of his favorite texts and find something always to repay himself and his listeners for such learned horticulture.

At the recent sale in London of the Gibson-Carmichael library, a copy of Dante's "Divina Commedia" brought

\$5000. It was a specimen of the first Landino edition and was published in Florence in 1481. At the same sale eighty-three autograph letters of Walter Scott, bound in a single volume, brought \$2425, and a set of seventy-four volumes representing first editions of Scott's novels published between 1814 and 1829, was sold for \$4000. This was nearly three times the price paid for the same set some years ago.

One of the most remarkable book sales of recent years was that in London two or three weeks ago, at which was sold a very small collection comprising eighteen original productions of William Blake. The most magnificent was Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job," published by him in 1825, containing twenty-two engravings, twenty-one original designs in colors, and the original drawing in colors of the artist by himself. This was started at \$7500 and rose by leaps to the almost unheard of figure of \$28,000.

A book which will find a wide circulation among thoughtful readers of all faiths is the life of William Ellery Channing, by John White Chadwick, whose biography of Theodore Parker has been so much appreciated. Dr. Chadwick remarks, in his preface, that "to write Channing's life was a very different thing from writing Parker's,—as different as carving a statue from painting a picture," and readers of the present volume will not fail to feel something of the marble chill. Channing's personality was not one which invited intimacies, nor was his life marked by incident. There is but little available of that anecdotage which gives so many biographies their chief claim to

attention. But Dr. Chadwick has traced the development of Channing's thought with much minuteness of detail, especially at points where it ran counter to the current of contemporary opinion, as in the case of the early Unitarian controversy and the Abolitionist movement, and has given liberal extracts in illustration, from sermons, pamphlets and correspondence. The chapter in which he points out the extent to which Channing anticipated the philanthropic and sociological theories of our own day is of especial interest. A full index adds to the value of the volume.

The series of lectures given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Professor John C. Van Dyke, on such subjects as "Truth in Painting," "The Personal Element," "Pictorial Poetry," and "The Decorative Quality," is now published by Charles Scribner's Sons, with thirty plates, in a delightful little volume entitled "The Meaning of Pictures." To a wide knowledge of his subject and great skill in illustrating it by analogies from the other arts and from literature, Professor Van Dyke adds a piquant humor and a charming style. Best of all, he has a genial knack of setting the unsophisticated at ease. Reading his book is like taking a stroll through a picture gallery with a personal friend, vastly better informed, vastly more discriminating than one's self, but never supercilious, never impatient at having to translate the "message of art" into plain, everyday speech. No person of intelligence, however remote his ordinary interests from its theme, can fail to find it fascinating.

CAPTIVE IN LONDON TOWN.

There comes a ghostly space
 'Twixt midnight and the dawn,
 When from the heart of London Town
 The tides of life are drawn.

What time, when Spring is due,
 The captives dungeoned deep
 Beneath the stones of London Town
 Grow troubled in their sleep

And wake—mint, mallow, dock,
 Brambles in bondage sore,
 And grasses shut in London Town
 A thousand years and more.

Yet though beneath the stones
 They starve, and overhead
 The countless feet pace London Town
 Of men who hold them dead.

Like Samson, blind and scorned,
 In pain their time they bide
 To seize the roots of London Town,
 And tumble down its pride.

Now well by proof and sign,
 By men unheard, unseen,
 They know that far from London Town
 The woods once more are green.

But theirs is still to wait,
 Deaf to the myriad hum,
 Beneath the stones of London Town
 A Spring that needs must come.

W. G. Hole.

REFUGE.

I have a home of everlasting peace
 Which neither chance nor change can
 take away,
 Where earthly cares and persecutions
 cease
 And our dim lanterns are put out by
 day.

In that great hall the soul's outspread-
 ing wings
 Shall strike no bars of limit or con-
 trol,
 For love's domain doth there include
 all things
 And parts are merged into the mighty
 Whole.

Ocean of space, where waves of æther-
 blue
 Beat noiselessly upon the golden
 shore,
 Surely my spirit shall return to you
 And weariness find rest for ever-
 more.

George Ives.

The Saturday Review.

THE DESIRE.

Give me no mansions ivory white,
 Nor palaces of pearl and gold;
 Give me a child for all delight
 Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine,
 Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold,
 Give me a little boy all mine
 Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,
 Nor harps, nor palm-branches un-
 rolled,
 Give me a nestling head of brown
 Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,
 Two arms to clasp me from the cold,
 And all my heaven's within my reach
 Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your
 skies
 A little Paradise to hold,
 As Mary once her Paradise,
 Just four years old.

Katharine Tynan.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Ask not for ease—ask for the strength
 that can
 Essay and then achieve life's toilsome
 plan.
 Ask not for safety—courage will pro-
 vide
 A harbor where no craven thoughts can
 bide.

Ella Fuller-Matland.

The Spectator.